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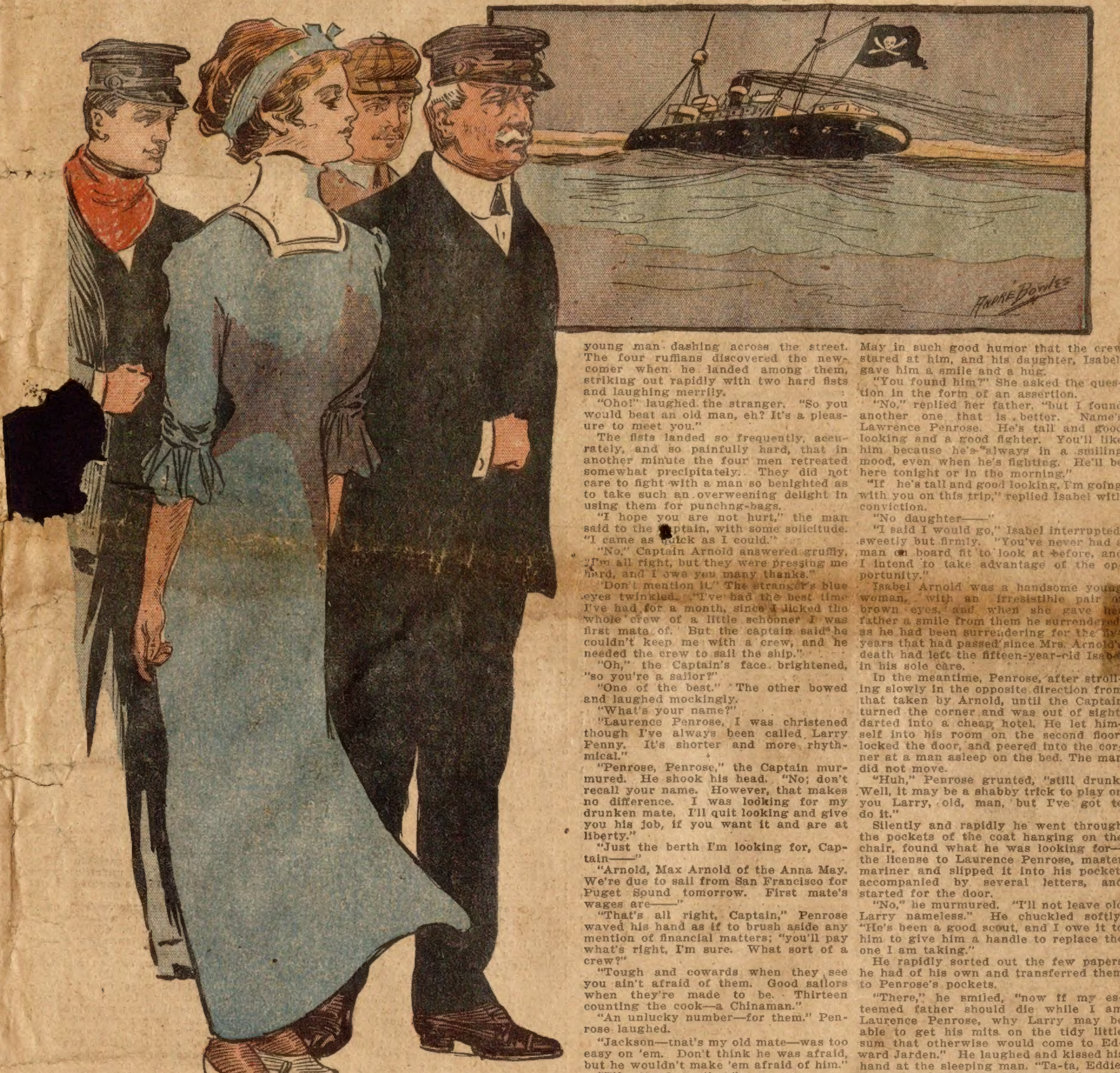
# A Detective Pirate;

## Or, LOVE AND ALASKAN GOLD

By PHILIP R. KELLAR



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### CHAPTER I.

CAPTAIN MAX ARNOLD, owner of the coastwise freight steamer Anna May, turned down the side street. He was seeking his mate, a day overdue, with the boat scheduled to sail the next day. The Captain was not in the best of humor, and his reply showed it when four men got in his path and one demanded chewing tobacco. The next moment he was backed against the wall, trying to keep off his assailants with a heavy cane he carried when ashore to "steady" his sea-gait.

The battle was going against the doughty seaman, when he was spurred to greater efforts by an encouraging shout from behind his assailants. A momentary glance showed him a tall young man dashing across the street. The four ruffians discovered the newcomer when he landed among them, striking out rapidly with two hard fists and laughing merrily.

"Oho!" laughed the stranger. "So you would beat an old man, eh? It's a pleasure to meet you."

The fists landed so frequently, accurately, and so painfully hard, that in another minute the four men retreated somewhat precipitately. They did not care to fight with a man so benighted as to take such an overweening delight in using them for punchng-bags.

"I hope you are not hurt," the man said to the Captain, with some solicitude. "I came as quick as I could."

"No," Captain Arnold answered gruffly, "I'm all right, but they were pressing me hard, and I owe you many thanks."

"Don't mention it." The stranger's blue eyes twinkled. "I've had the best time I've had for a month, since I licked the whole crew of a little schooner I was first mate of. But the captain said he couldn't keep me with a crew, and he needed the crew to sail the ship."

"Oh," the Captain's face brightened, "so you're a sailor?"

"One of the best." The other bowed and laughed mockingly.

"What's your name?"

"Laurence Penrose, I was christened though I've always been called Larry Penny. It's shorter and more rhythmical."

"Penrose, Penrose," the Captain murmured. He shook his head. "No; don't recall your name. However, that makes no difference. I was looking for my drunken mate. I'll quit looking and give you his job, if you want it and are at liberty."

"Just the berth I'm looking for, Captain——"

"Arnold, Max Arnold of the Anna May. We're due to sail from San Francisco for Puget Sound tomorrow. First mate's wages are——"

"That's all right, Captain," Penrose waved his hand as if to brush aside any mention of financial matters; "you'll pay what's right, I'm sure. What sort of a crew?"

"Tough and cowards when they see you ain't afraid of them. Good sailors when they're made to be. Thirteen counting the cook—a Chinaman."

"An unlucky number—for them." Penrose laughed.

"Jackson—that's my old mate—was too easy on 'em. Don't think he was afraid, but he wouldn't make 'em afraid of him."

"I'll attend to that."

"Got your papers?" The Captain's caution, momentarily forgotten in his gratitude, returned.

"Not a paper," laughed Larry. "Lost 'em last night in a joint down here. That's how I happened to be along to help you; was on the hunt for them. Tell me where the Anna May's tied up, and I'll get the papers and report tonight or early tomorrow. Got all the crew?"

The Captain assured him that he needed only one man. Penrose promised to bring him along, and they parted, each congratulating himself for the encounter.

Captain Arnold returned to the Anna May in such good humor that the crew stared at him, and his daughter, Isabel, gave him a smile and a hug.

"You found him?" She asked the question in the form of an assertion.

"No," replied her father, "but I found another one that is better. Name's Lawrence Penrose. He's tall and good looking and a good fighter. You'll like him because he's always in a smiling mood, even when he's fighting. He'll be here tonight or in the morning."

"If he's tall and good looking, I'm going with you on this trip," replied Isabel with conviction.

"No daughter——"

"I said I would go," Isabel interrupted, sweetly but firmly. "You've never had a man on board fit to look at before, and I intend to take advantage of the opportunity."

Isabel Arnold was a handsome young woman, with an irresistible pair of brown eyes, and when she gave her father a smile from them he surrendered, as he had been surrendering for the five years that had passed since Mrs. Arnold's death had left the fifteen-year-old Isabel in his sole care.

In the meantime, Penrose, after strolling slowly in the opposite direction from that taken by Arnold, until the Captain turned the corner and was out of sight, darted into a cheap hotel. He let himself into his room on the second floor, locked the door, and peered into the corner at a man asleep on the bed. The man did not move.

"Huh," Penrose grunted, "still drunk. Well, it may be a shabby trick to play on you Larry, old, man, but I've got to do it."

Silently and rapidly he went through the pockets of the coat hanging on the chair, found what he was looking for—the license to Laurence Penrose, master mariner and slipped it into his pocket, accompanied by several letters, and started for the door.

"No," he murmured. "I'll not leave old Larry nameless." He chuckled softly. "He's been a good scout, and I owe it to him to give him a handle to replace the one I am taking."

He rapidly sorted out the few papers he had of his own and transferred them to Penrose's pockets.

"There," he smiled, "now if my esteemed father should die while I am Laurence Penrose, why Larry may be able to get his mits on the tidy little sum that otherwise would come to Edward Jarden." He laughed and kissed his hand at the sleeping man. "Ta-ta, Eddie, Seems funny to be telling myself goodby. I might take you along with me if you were not so honest, so disreputably honest. See you later."

Jarden, or Penrose, as he was trying to think of himself, made his way rapidly toward another section of the city, nearer the water front, to a sailors' tavern. He found his man at the bar, beckoned him outside, and unfolded his plan as they paced the dimly lighted streets.

"Just had a run of luck," said Jarden, "and it looks like a good chance for us to rake in a pile of gold. Are you ready?"

"Sure as my name's Jimmy Tomkins. What's the course?"

"May be fighting," Jarden warned.

"All the better. I'd like to get even with somebody for the beating my last captain gave me," Tomkins growled.

"May be a killing."

"Tell the yarn," Jimmy was growing impatient. "Killing's all right if there's enough in it."

"Well," Jarden whispered, "I fell in with the owner and captain of a coasting freight steamer just now—Captain Arnold of the Anna May. Know him and her?"

"Yes," Jimmy nodded, "cross old man, but square, and treats his men pretty decent. Boat's a strong little thing though she's old."

"Fast?"

"Twenty knots at a push maybe."

"Good!" cried Jarden. "I helped Arnold out when a gang of toughs nearly had him down. Told him I was Larry Penny, master mariner, and he offered me the job of first mate on the trip up the coast to Puget Sound."

"What's the good?" growled Jimmy. "You don't know how to sail a boat."

"I know something; picked it up before I enlisted in the army. What I don't know you can tell me. That's one of the reasons I'm taking you along."

"What's the others?"

"Tell you later," Jarden laughed, "after we're aboard and I know better the lay of things. Come, let's go back and get your things and we'll report tonight."

"Rather not stay on land any longer'n necessary, eh?" Jimmy leered at him through the semi-darkness. "Well, I don't know as I blames you. If I had to keep under——"

"Shut up!" Jarden did not raise his voice, but there was a note in it that warned Tomkins he was on dangerous ground.

Two hours later they clambered aboard the Anna May, were welcomed by Captain Arnold, and shown to their quarters.

Isabel watched them through the partly opened cabin door, and smiled as they passed and she caught sight of Jarden's face, handsome in spite of the look of veiled cruelty.

## CHAPTER II.

Instead of leaving the following morning, the Anna May lay at the dock for three days longer. Captain Arnold was waiting for a freight consignment which would add greatly to the returns for the trip, and the thought of the extra money compensated him for the delay, and served to prevent him from growing restless.

Jarden took advantage of the opportunity to learn as much as possible of his new duties. Naturally quick-witted and with eyes that saw and took in much, he was able to master many of the details in those three days, with the aid of Tomkins. Jimmy was a good sailor, far better than his appearance and manner indicated. The progress of his pupil quickly turned Tomkin's trepidation into a feeling of half-security.

"It's only for a few weeks, anyway," said Jarden, "and if I can hang on that long we'll be able to turn the trick. The worst that can happen is to be fired, and then I'd be as well off as before—better, I guess."

"I'm afraid of that gal," replied Jimmy. "She's got eyes that sees everything, even if they are so darned pretty. I tell you Ned—er Larry—you better keep away from her. Women hadn't oughter to be on a boat, nohow. They're out of place."

Jarden laughed. "Oh, she'll not bother us. And she's all right, too, let me tell you, speaking from my wide and varied experience with females."

"I wish you'd come down out o' the rigging," Jimmy was half disgusted, "and tell me what's the game."

"The game, my friend," Jarden whispered curtly, "is for you to hold your job, help me hold mine, and wait for orders."

"Ain't I holding it?" Jimmy spoke indignantly, "an' ain't I waiting for orders! What's the matter with you?"

Jarden, after a quick glance around to see that no one was in sight, gave Jimmy a familiar slap on the shoulder.

"That's all right, old man! Keep it up, and we'll be rolling in wealth before long."

"An' you steer clear of the gal," Jimmy warned, as he turned to leave Jarden alone in the Captain's cabin.

Jarden laughed, but his fellow conspirator's warning was not out of place, for the masquerader had been captured by Isabel from the moment they met. He had felt then an almost irresistible desire to take her in his arms, and the desire had grown until he trembled when alone with her.

Isabel had seen the admiration, had suspected that he loved her, had intuitively felt the great efforts he made to bridle his tongue and control his quickly grown and consuming passion. Though it frightened her, she was pleased. The girl had spent half of her life on board the Anna May, since her mother's death, and had seen little of men except the sailors and the few officers with whom she felt she might associate on equal terms—and none of them had been young and handsome. Self-willed and domineering, in spite of her beauty and sweetness of manner, it gratified her vanity when this man, who seemed to have come of a good family and to have seen a great deal of the world, tried to lay himself at her feet. He was pleasing, too, for when he talked—and he was a good conversationalist—his face lighted up, and the sinister, half-hunted expression disappeared.

Captain Arnold was ashore nearly all of those three days, and Jarden and Isabel were constantly together, the small ship making this almost necessary, and the girl was rapidly beginning to look for signs of love in his face, and to wonder how long he could keep back the words that she wanted him to speak and yet was afraid he would say.

The Anna May was to weigh anchor late in the afternoon. Captain Arnold went ashore shortly after breakfast, intending to be back for dinner to superintend the final preparations for loading and sailing. Isabel accompanied him, and Jarden took advantage of their absence to make a thorough examination of the Captain's quarters. He had completed this task and was at the table, reading the log to learn the past history of the boat, when he was startled by the sudden appearance of Isabel in the doorway.

"What are you doing?" she asked sternly, giving him a suspicious glance.

"Oh," Jarden arose with a laugh, "just brushing up a bit on the Anna May's history. I like to know something of my associates. Won't you sit down. I wasn't expecting you so soon."

His laugh brought an answering smile to her face. "No," she said, "I got tired tramping about the city. Perhaps," she spoke archly, "your associates would like to know something of you." She sat down and looked frankly at him across the little table. "I've asked Daddy about you."

"Have you? I feel flattered."

"But he doesn't seem to know much," she ignored his remark. "So I'll have to learn it from you, Mr. Penrose."

"No," Jarden's look was almost as frank as hers, "your father and I haven't had much time for chatting."

"You haven't been a sailor all your life?"

"Oh, no! I've been pretty much of everything. Sailor, soldier, cowboy, gold miner, tramp—in fact, whatever happened to be the quickest job handy. I suppose you might say I am a genuine tramp. I spent one summer driving a dog-team up in Alaska."

"Ah," she caught her breath with a quick gasp, "I'd like to go there. I've always wanted to."

Jarden's eyes flashed as he leaned forward and whispered, "Maybe you can soon."

"What do you mean?" She gave him a startled look.

"Just that," he laughed recklessly. "The cargo is all aboard; we are ready to start. We could start immediately——"

"But Daddy," she protested.

"While Captain Arnold is ashore," Jarden continued rapidly, his eyes flashing. "We could deliver the freight as agreed upon. That would be easy. We could send him a telegram saying we had done so, and that would stop him from worrying about the loss. Then we could chase right on up from Seattle and make the mouth of the Yukon about the time the ice is breaking."

She stared at him, stunned into momentary silence. Then came a look of indignation, quickly followed by one of admiration.

"Well, of all the nerve!" she gasped.

"Oh, it wouldn't be so difficult," Jarden professed not to understand. "Captain Arnold might fret a bit but we wouldn't hurt the Anna May, and none of his customers would lose anything."

"I wasn't thinking of that," Isabel replied stiffly. "I was thinking of your audacity in making that sort of a proposal to me. You wouldn't leave me a shred of my reputation, and I thought——" she stopped in confusion.

"And you thought just right," Jarden laughed, arose, and stood over her. "Why," the tender note in his voice thrilled her, "I wouldn't hurt you for the world—Isabel. I was going to speak of this afterwards, but you interrupted me. I can send Tomkins ashore for a license and a parson, and we could be married and sail away before your dad gets back."

"Why, Mr. Penrose," she laughed, having shaken off the spell and regained her composure, "you haven't known me long—only three days."

"I had known you but three minutes before I was willing to make the same proposal."

"Don't you think you're rather hasty?" She flushed.

"Not a bit of it," Jarden spoke brazenly. "It doesn't take me long to know what I want."

"Well," she snapped, "it may take you a good long time to get it this time."

"Well, of course," again he refused to understand, "we can wait till we get to Seattle, and leave the old man there."

Isabel stared at him a moment before replying. "Mr. Penrose, you certainly are surprising," she said, at length. "I cannot understand why I am not angry with you."

"I can," he laughed softly. "You know I am terribly in earnest, Isabel, and you like it."

She snatched away the hand that Jarden was about to take in his, anger driving more red blood to her cheeks.

"I think," she drew up proudly, "you had better remember that I am the daughter of the captain of this ship. You seem to have forgotten that——"

"I am just a hireling." Again Jarden's frank laugh disarmed her. "No, I hadn't forgotten, though you couldn't blame me for forgetting that—and everything else but you—when I am with you."

She left without replying, pleased that he had spoken so plainly, indignant that he had taken so much for granted, wondering if she had been too abrupt, hoping that she had not dampened his ardor so that he would not speak again of his love. Jarden chuckled softly and returned to the log.

## CHAPTER III.

Isabel stood in the cabin entrance, watching with quite evident approval the signs of approaching departure. Her cheeks glowed, her eyes were bright, and she seemed to have transmitted some of her quivering anticipation to the old ship. Weighing anchor had always affected her thus, setting her nerves to tingling and her blood to coursing more rapidly through her veins.

It always made her want to roll up her sleeves and take part in the preparations, and she sympathized with Jarden's scarcely controlled impatience at the slowness of the men in carrying out his orders. She looked with approval on him, also, the lapse of two hours and the ability he was showing in his work having dissipated all signs of indignation at his proposal. In fact, as she thought of his audacity, she admired him, and perhaps it was some tender thought for him that helped make her cheeks rosier as the brisk wind swept across them, whisking stray locks of her dark brown hair over her face.

She made a charming and an alluring picture, and though the masquerader had no time to stop and admire it, he stole frequent glances in her direction. Her happy face spurred him to greater activity.

Captain Arnold arrived in the midst of the orderly turmoil, accompanied by a mild-mannered, quiet-voiced man whom he introduced as William Norton of Omaha.

"Mr. Norton wanted passage to Seattle," explained the Captain, "and I told him I'd accommodate him if he would put up with our slowness."

"I am in no hurry," the stranger replied, "it's a combination health and business trip, but the business can wait on the health."

"You don't look ill," said Jarden. "Got as pretty a coat of tan as I've seen off the prairies."

"That's where I got it, Mr. Penrose," Norton almost smiled, "but health, unlike beauty, is more than skin deep."

He passed on with the Captain to his quarters.

"I think I'll like him," Isabel commented; "he seems a gentleman."

"He's too meek and mild-appearing," Jarden retorted. "I don't like that kind."

"He does seem quite different from you," she retorted, "and perhaps he will be a welcome relief."

There was no trace of malice in her mischievous smile, and Jarden did not reply, except with a bold look that seemed to say, "You like my way, my lady," and that made Isabel turn away quickly.

Half an hour later, Jarden had reason to revise his first estimate of Norton. A box of heavy freight was in the way, and he ordered a sailor to move it. The man's name was Knotty Barton. He was huge in size, though of little more than average height, with a hard face that was made grotesque because his right eyebrow had been cut away by a knife thrown by a Chinese cook whom Barton had been badgering. Barton's temper matched his appearance. A good sailor, he had taken an instant dislike to Jarden, and had made no attempt to conceal it or a feeling of contempt for the slender mate's physical prowess.

Jarden had ignored the man's sullenness, but several times his good nature had been tested nearly to the breaking point. He had turned to speak to Isabel after giving the order, and it was several moments before he noticed that Barton had made no move to obey.

"Hurry along, there Barton," Jarden called. The man barely moved towards the box. "Hurry, I said," the mate's tone grew sharper; "we haven't all day to loaf around here." Still Barton refused to quicken his movements, and Jarden jumped toward him, a smile on his face, but with eyes gleaming. "I told you to hurry didn't I? Take that and maybe you'll move quicker next time."

Jarden's hard, sinewy fist caught Barton's heavy jaw and sent the sailor reeling backward against the box. His face grew purple with rage, and recovering his equilibrium he rushed at Jarden like an enraged bull. Isabel watched them, apprehensive for Jarden, but hoping that he would master the man. She was a true daughter of the sea, and though she admitted the brutality of certain aspects of a sailor's life, she recognized the absolute necessity for discipline and instant obedience. And she knew that Jarden's true test would be along these lines.

The mate stepped lightly aside, and the heavy Barton went headlong by, almost falling. He probably would have fallen had not Jarden caught him under the chin with a vicious uppercut. The blow helped Barton to regain his balance, though it enraged him still more. With a snarl like that of an infuriated wild beast he backed a step away, glared at his elusive antagonist, jerked out his sheath knife, and swung it aloft.

Jarden's keen eyes held the other man's glance. He was waiting for the first move to time his own movements to escape the thrust. Isabel held her breath and leaned forward anxiously. Norton appeared and walked quickly and quietly across the deck, caught Barton's uplifted wrist, grasped his other arm, and with a quick movement spun the man around until both arms were pinned behind his back and he was helpless. For a moment he struggled desperately, his face contorted with pain, as every move seemed only to tighten that steel grip on his wrists.

The knife dropped to the deck. Norton gave another twist, a gentle push, and Barton went sprawling on his face.

"You'd better take the knife away from him," Norton said quietly to Jarden. He's no fit person to have such a weapon."

"Thanks," Jarden replied, "You saved me from what might have been a bad mix-up."

"Oh, you could have handled him all right. I was watching, but when I saw him draw the knife and knew you were unarmed, I thought it time to interfere. Where's your revolver? Better get it."

"I will," said Jarden, "as soon as this man does his work." He turned on Barton. "Now, Knotty, you move that box and move it damned quick. First time we get ashore I'll give you a good whipping. I'm not afraid of you, armed or not. I can lick you in a fist fight, or any other kind. I don't want to do it, but I will if you give me the least excuse."

He turned his back on the sailor, and walked over to Isabel and Norton.

"That was a clever trick, Mr. Norton. I'd like to have you teach it to me."

"It comes in quite handy," Norton answered, "and I'll be glad to show you how to turn it. Last time I used it was on a man up in North Dakota—" he eyed Jarden intently—"just a few feet from the Canadian line. He'd been smuggling whisky across to the Indian Reservation and was trying to get out of the country."

"Oh," Jarden stood the man's questioning look without a quaver, "that's a great country up there. You in the revenue service?"

"I have done some work for Uncle Sam."

"So has Mr. Penrose," Isabel spoke quickly. "He has been a soldier."

Jarden startled slightly, so slightly that Isabel did not notice it, so slightly he himself was not aware of it; but Norton's gray eyes lighted up with a momentary flash of triumph.

"Yes," Jarden laughed, "I was once a soldier. But I'm a sailor now, [illegible] ask you to excuse me."

A few minutes later the tin[illegible] Anna May were creaking as [illegible] drove her through the water[illegible] towards the Pacific Ocean.

"I'll have to make friend[illegible] fellow Norton," the first mate m[illegible] he watched the receding city. "[illegible] who can do such a thing might [illegible] valuable ally."

Jimmy Tomkins came silently [illegible] side and whispered,

"Well, we're off. Let's hope we'll have good luck and not get killed."

"We may do both," Jarden replied significantly.

## CHAPTER IV.

A strong off-shore southwest wind made the progress of the Anna May northward slow. Captain Arnold hugged the shore as closely as possible, hoping the wind would blow over the ship. Speed was not so valuable that he felt inclined to ask Engineer Bascam to use more than the normal quantity of coal, though the Captain was not averse to making port as quickly as possible. By the next afternoon the wind had quieted, the sea was rapidly growing smoother, and the little steamer was plowing along in a manner that brought a gleam of satisfaction to Jarden's eyes.

"She'll do all right," he thought. "She can make fifteen knots without much trouble, and can carry coal for a six-thousand-mile trip at that rate."

Unfamiliar with the course, he was compelled to make a close and persistent study of the chart, but he was able to perform his duties to the satisfaction of Captain Arnold. Jarden's unfailing good humor had appealed to the captain greatly, being in such marked contrast to the manner of his predecessor. The masquerader quickly became a favorite in all quarters of the ship, only Knotty Barton retaining his sullen, antagonistic attitude. When the third day was well along in the afternoon, Jarden felt that he had made his berth certain.

He had turned the wheel over to Tomkins, and was standing in the bow, leaning against a small brass machine gun, bought by Arnold as a matter of sentiment, when the Captain approached.

"Mr. Penrose," said Captain Arnold, "I think we'll make Seattle by tomorrow evening. I didn't say anything about keeping you any longer, because the circumstances of our meeting were out of the ordinary, and I didn't know I'd be satisfied. I know it now, and would be glad to have you remain with me."

"That's kind of you, Captain, and I'm glad I've given satisfaction. I like the Anna May."

"She's a good old boat," the Captain spoke with pride, "even if she isn't much for looks. I've sailed her for twenty years, and she's done everything I've asked her to. I'm getting old, though, and besides, I've been thinking lately that my daughter ought to have a better home than this ship makes. So I've been figuring on giving up active service, and have been looking for a man I could trust the Anna May to. That might be you, Mr. Penrose."

"You—why——" Jarden was embarrassed for the first time since boarding the ship. "Why, you've hardly known me long enough, Captain, to know whether I'd do."

"Oh, I don't take long to judge a man, Mr. Penrose. Of course you're a bit back on many details of the work, but you've got a knack of handling men, and that's three-fourths a captain's work. The rest you'll pick up in a short time. What do you say?"

"I say I'll be mighty glad to stay." Jarden spoke gratefully.

"That's settled then." The Captain seemed relieved. "I wasn't going to speak about it till we got to Seattle, but Isabel persuaded me not to wait."

"Isabel?" Jarden was surprised and gratified.

"Yes, she said I owed it to you, after what you'd done for me, not to keep you in suspense." He laughed. "You know, Mr. Penrose, ladies don't believe in having anybody kept in suspense, unless they're doing the keeping. Then they don't believe in anything else."

The approach of Isabel and Norton made a reply unnecessary. Jarden was glad. He had begun to grow uncomfortable over such evidence of interest and friendship to which he knew he was not entitled.

"Captain Arnold," Jarden dropped his hand on the barrel of the cannon, "did you get this to fight off pirates?"

"Pirates nothing!" the Captain snorted. "There are no pirates in these days. Pretty near all the romance of the sea has gone with the coming of steam. If you want real sea romance you've got to go back into past history."

"You were master of a sailing ship before you bought the Anna May, weren't you?" Arnold nodded, and Jarden continued. "That's the reason. First things usually seem more romantic."

"No, 'tisn't that," Arnold expostulated; "they really were the days of romance."

"Captain Arnold means the days of Captain Kidd and his sort," Norton commented, "the days when the peaceful merchantmen were always on the lookout for pirates, when a man grew rich on the plunder of the rich ships that sailed the Spanish Main."

"Ugh!" Isabel shuddered. "They were horrible men."

"But they were men all right," replied Arnold.

"Oh," said Jarden, "of course they were rather exciting times, but I'm sure they seem more romantic than they really were just because they do belong to the past. Why, there's more romance in the world today in a minute than there used to be in a year."

"That depends on what you call romance." Norton spoke with quiet conviction.

"Well, take the pirates for instance," replied the masquerader. "They were dubs compared with what a modern pirate could do."

"There are no modern pirates, though," said Isabel.

"I should say not," the Captain laughed. "In these days of cables and wireless, big guns and armored ships, a pirate wouldn't last a month, even if he could find anything worth stealing."

"Anything worth stealing!" Jarden showed his surprise. "Why, say, Captain, some of the Atlantic ships carry more gold on one trip tnan a dozen old Spanish galleons ever did. Can't you imagine the excitement that would follow if a modern steamer were stopped in midocean and relieved of her consignment of ten or fifteen million dollars' worth of gold?"

"And get nabbed the moment they touched port," Arnold added, "or get caught pretty soon if they never landed. You see, Mr. Penrose, the ocean is considerably smaller than it used to be. Your modern pirate would be sighted by some ship carrying a wireless outfit, and immediately the natives of the world would be told exactly where Mr. Pirate ould be found. He'd be at the bottom of he sea in a jiffy. Just one shot would do the work."

"My," Isabel clasped her hands, "but ll that does sound exciting! It makes e tremble to think of it."

"Would you like to be the pirate or the man-of-war?" asked Norton.

"Well," she smiled, "I haven't quite made up my mind."

"The ocean isn't such a small place after all." Jarden spoke seriously to the Captain. "There is plenty of space left here the wireless doesn't reach; plenty ports that are in out-of-the-way laces and where not many questions are sked."

"Oh, you're talking nonsense." The tain was gruff.

"No, I'm not," Jarden persisted. "Why, e the Pacific coast for instance. In a week the ice will break in the Yukon River, and the ships will start back for Seattle and San Francisco. The first one out will bring five or six million dollars' worth of gold bullion, unstamped, uncoined, unmarked. That's the gold the miners have dug out of the frozen ground this winter. Wouldn't that be a prize to make even Captain Kidd's mouth water?"

"It makes my mouth water," Isabel laughed.

"It would make mine water, too," said Arnold, "if I could see that much gold, but even Captain Kidd couldn't get away with it."

"Why not?" demanded Jarden. "It would be comparatively easy. Those treasure ships are just ordinary steamers—because nobody ever thinks of the possibility of pirates. The North Star will probably be the first one out this spring. Suppose a fast ship, manned by a good crew afraid to do anything except obey orders, and officered by men who were not afraid to give the orders—well say the Anna May for instance."

Jarden paused momentarily, and chuckled inwardly when he heard the quick gasps of his auditors.

"Yes," he continued, "suppose the Anna May, after unloading at Seattle, should steam on north and intercept the North Star after she comes through Unimak Pass. The North Star hasn't any cannon; there may be a man or two armed with rifles guarding the bullion, though that's doubtful. It would be a matter of a few minutes to stop her, transfer the gold, and then start for the West."

"And bump into an American warship sent out from the Philippines," Captain Arnold laughed. "Your dream doesn't turn out well, Mr. Penrose."

"You haven't heard the rest of it. We could put into some uninhabited port on the Siberian or Manchurian coast, give the ship a new coat of paint, change her rigging and name, and so disguise her that it would be mighty hard to identify her, and then make for India."

"And not know what to do with the gold," Arnold snorted. "That's always been the trouble with pirates. They couldn't do anything with their plunder but bury it."

"They never had modern facilities to work with," Jarden laughed. "They had the modern—and old—idea of taking what they could get, but not the modern method of keeping it. We'd buy a bigger steamer at Bombay, transfer the gold to her, and start for New York by the Suez route. Some dark night we'd scuttle the Anna May and go on alone. After reaching New York we'd start a little freight-and-passenger coastwise line. Gradually we would buy more ships from our store. Then we'd sell out and invest our money in bonds."

He laughed at the looks of amazement on their faces.

"You see, we don't make the most of our opportunities."

"Your plan works out very well in imagination, Mr. Penrose," the Captain ended the heavy silence by speaking curtly, "but I'm afraid you'd find a screw slipping somewhere. With such an imagination you ought to make a good chess player. Do you play?" Jarden nodded. "I'll try you some time. Mr. Norton and I have a match on now, so we'll leave you and Isabel to spend those millions."

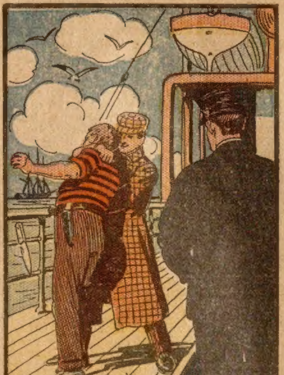
Arnold's broad shoulders were shaking with laughter at his joke when he left, accompanied by Norton. A look of dawning comprehension, mingled with wonderment, came into Isabel's eyes as she stared at the masquerader. Her face flushed as she spoke.

"So that was the reason you made that —that——"

"Proposal?" Jarden smile. "No, it was——"

"You wanted to take my father's ship and turn it into a pirate craft!" Her eyes flashed. "You thought I would listen to such a thing! You——"

"I thought," his voice grew tender, "of only one thing—you, Isabel, and having you. It's almost the only thing I have thought of since I saw you."



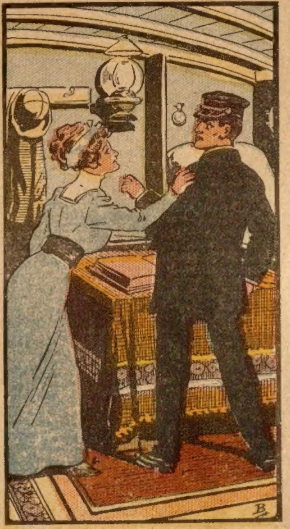
The knife dropped to the deck.

"But this story?" She was slightly mollified by the flattery of his words, his voice, his look.

"That story," he laughed lightly, "just came after we started talking about pirates. Your father had just told me he wanted me to remain on the Anna May, perhaps later on to be in command—that you——"

"He didn't say I wanted you to!" She was startled and half-chagrined.

"No, not that. He said you told him not to keep me in suspense if he had decided. But—" Jarden leaned nearer—"I thought it meant that you wanted me to be—to be here. I was so grateful, so happy, that I was afraid I'd break down, and the cannon and the pirates came to my rescue."



"What do you mean?"

"Then you don't think it would be possible?" She seemed disappointed.

"Oh, I never said that! I do think it would be possible and quite feasible. It would require only nerve."

"You seem to be plentifully supplied with that article," she laughed.

"I'm a coward before you." His manner was quite meek and humble. "I cannot say the things I want to say."

"You do very well," she replied lightly, "but—" again the mischievous look came into her eyes— "I—oh well, I believe I like you in spite of it."

"That's kind of you," Jarden murmured.

"No, it isn't" she replied quickly, "it's the truth, so why shouldn't I say it?"

"It's the truth, what I think about you, so why cannot I say it?"

"So you won't turn pirate for my sake?" she parried.

"I'd turn anything for your sake."

"Perhaps," she gave him an arch look, "I prefer you to remain just as you are."

She eluded his impulsive effort to catch her hand, and laughed as she darted into the cabin.

That night, when Jarden was alone at the wheel, he was startled by the noiseless appearance of Norton at his side.

"I say, Mr. Penrose, you'd better watch out for this man Barton. I overheard him just now making threats to kill you."

"Thanks. I'm keeping an eye on him."

Norton made no reply, and for some minutes the two men stood side by side, silently peering ahead. Without any introduction Norton said suddenly.

"The Captain and I have been talking over that pirate scheme of yours."

"Not mine," Jarden laughed. "I was just indulging in some romancing for the benefit of the Captain and Miss Arnold."

"He thinks it's foolish," Norton went on, without noticing Jarden's disclaimer, "but there are possibilities in it. I'd like to see you in my room when you are at liberty—tonight."

He disappeared as silently and quickly as he had come.

Next week's Ledger will contain further chapters of this remarkable story. You will miss a great treat if you do not read it to the end. We will give you constantly the very best stories of entertainment that money will buy, so send in your subscription and take the Ledger regularly, if you are not doing so. You will not regret it.

* * *

## Accidental Inventions.

The bayonet is said to have derived its name from the fact that it was first made at Bayonne, and its origin illustrates the proverb "Necessity is the mother of invention," says Harper's Weekly.

A Basque regiment was hard pressed by the enemy on a mountain ridge near Bayonne. One of the soldiers suggested that, as their ammunition was exhausted, they should fix their long knives into the barrels of their muskets. The suggestion was acted upon. The first bayonet charge was made and the victory of the Basques led to the manufacture of the weapon at Bayonne and its adoption into the armies of Europe.

Not infrequently an invention has been suggested by some trivial event which would have passed unnoticed had not a man with eyes and brains seen it.

Argand, a poor Swiss, invented a lamp with a wick fitted into a hollow cylinder up which a current of air was allowed to pass, thus giving a supply of oxygen to the interior as well as to the exterior of the circular frame.

At first Argand used the lamp without any chimney. One day he was busy in his workroom and sitting before the burning lamp. His little brother was amusing himself by placing a bottomless oil flask over different articles. Presently he placed it upon the flame of the lamp, which instantly shot up the long, circular neck of the flask with increased brilliancy. It did more, for it flashed into Argand's mind the idea of the lamp chimney, by which his invention was perfected.

One day the children of a Dutch spectacle maker were playing with some of their father's glasses before the door of his shop. Setting two of the largest together they peeped through them and were surprised to see the weather cock of the opposite church brought close to their eyes. They called their father to see the strange sight. He looked through the glasses and what he saw suggested to him the possibility of constructing a curious toy.

Galileo, hearing of the toy which made distant things appear close at hand, saw at once what a valuable help it would be in studying the heavens. He set to work, and soon made the telescope.

An accident helped Senefelder to invent lithography. He was sort of jack-of-all-trades, a writer of verses and comedies, an actor, a fiddler, a painter, an engraver and a printer.

He worked at etching on copper, but the coppersmith refused to let him have any more plates unless he paid cash for them. He then tried to utilize the old plates by rubbing off the etchings with a soft limestone.

At last the copper became useless through many rubbings, and he tried etching on the stone, a plan that did not work very well. One day, while he was polishing off a stone which he intended to etch, his mother asked him to write out a list of the linen which the laundress was waiting to carry off. Not finding a slip of paper or a drop of ink, Senefelder wrote the list on the stone with printing ink prepared from wax, soap and lampblack, intending to copy it at his leisure.

A few days later when he was about to wipe the writing from the stone, he thought he would learn what would be the effect of writing with the prepared ink on the stone, if it should be bitten in with aquafortis. He bit away to about the hundredth part of an inch, charged the lines with the ink, took several impressions of the writing, and discovered that he had invented the art of lithography.

A few days later, when he was about to wipe the writing from the stone, he thought he would learn what would be the effect of writing with the prepared ink on the stone, if it should be bitten in with aquafortis. He bit away to about the hundreth part of an inch, charged the lines with the ink, took several impressions of the writing, and discovered that he had invented the art if lithography.

* * *

## Business Girl's Garb.

The girl worker in office or shop will soon discover that plain, well-made clothes are a necessity, and that cheap finery can never, under any circumstances, be made to take their place.

With the everyday coat and skirt suit a warm coat for chilly or rainy days will be found useful. Another necessary wrap is a waterproof coat—not one of the shapeless, sloppy things sometimes in vogue, but a neat gray, tan, or navy mackintosh that buttons close up to the chin, military fashion. With it could be worn a small hat swathed with a bright-colored or Oriental silk scarf.

Tawdry flowers or feathers, chiffons, laces, nets and the like should have no place in the workaday wardrobe. These are for holidays, though tawdry flowers and feathers are never permissible. Fancy trimmed blouses with lace yolks should never be worn, as one or two washings make them look cheap and worn. Navy-blue serge or any cloth in a dark color is the best selection for the suit.

Footwear is one of the most important studies in the business girl's outfit. She should remember that cheap boots are the most expensive in the long run, and that the quality of leather should be considered before the latest fad. Boots are better than low shoes, as they are a protection to the ankle and keep it shapely for dressy occasions.

In the winter there is the smart blouse of dark flannel for everyday wear, and in the summer there is the waist of light, washable materials to be worn with a dark blue serge skirt. These, with well-fitting boots, often give the working girl a smarter appearance than her sister of the French mode gown. Neat neckwear and waist line complete the trig costume that is sure to mark the lady anywhere.

# THE RAJAH BLUE;

## Or, A Daughter's Daring

### By RHUDDLAN MARSH

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### CHAPTER VII.

LATE that evening I took possession of my room on the fifth floor of the house on the Rue de ——— and began my vigil. I carefully closed the shutters, lit the feeble little gas jet, and unpacked my traps. I put the gun in shape, screwed the Maxim silencer on its muzzle and loaded it. I had tested it and set the sights in the little shooting gallery in the rear of the store where I had bought the gun, so I knew that it was ready for business. I might mention here that the gun and the silencer were bought at different places.

When the gun was ready for use I unpacked the field-glass, put out the gas, opened the shutter and the window both, and began my vigil. I found myself in a splendid position to command a view of the windows of the room across the alley which I had marked down as that in which Mr. Emmett was held prisoner. While I was adjusting my glasses with a view to inspecting the interior of the room, I was seized with a sure-enough case of buck fever. You see, so much depended upon what I should see when I got the glass focused on the room! I had been going by guess-work. I had no way of knowing for certain that the room across the way was the room I was seeking. It it was not, then a whole day and night had been lost, with nothing done at all. The fatal tenth was at hand, and we were no nearer our goal than we had been when we came through the gates of the Gare du Nord two days before.

I took one long look through the window across from mine, where the feeble gas jet was flickering, just as it had flickered on the night before, and then I heaved a big sigh of relief. Miss Nora had described her father to me very carefully, and what I saw at the first glance was enough to tell me that my surmises had been correct; for there was a tall old man, with long iron-gray hair and smooth face—a face that one would know anywhere for that of an American, and one from a long way west of the Mississippi River.

I looked again, steadying my glass against the casing of the window and gazing long and steadily at the prisoner. And while I looked, a great wave of pity for him went over me, and after that a wave of blind anger at those who were holding him thus in durance vile. If one of the "Five" had appeared in the room just then, he would have cashed in his chips very promptly, for the Winchester was at my side, and I was nerved to a cold fury.

But no one came. The minutes dragged on and stretched out into hours, and still the old man sat by the little table with his chin in the hollow of his hand, looking into nothingness; still I crouched by the window and watched. His face was set, and it was as the face of one who had relinquished hope and was merely waiting for the end.

The night advanced. The voice of the streets of Paris rose in its nightly crescendo until it reached its height, then sank by degrees to the stillness of the early morning, fitfully broken by the voices of belated home-faring revelers. Still the old man sat with his chin in his hands, and still none came to break his reverie. Once the door opened a little and a hand reached into the room. A pitcher was placed on the floor, just inside the door. The hand was withdrawn and the door swung shut again.

At last, long after midnight, the old man arose, stretched himself, strode to the window and looked out, just as he had done on the night before. After that he turned, took up the pitcher, drank from it, and placed it upon the window ledge. Then he turned and looked at the miserable little bed that stood in the corner of the room. His face was half turned toward me, and in the field glass it seemed startlingly close. I could see every line and furrow that care and sorrow had drawn there. It was a grand old face, strong, kindly, but unutterably sad. My heart bled for him, and I had an insane desire to shout to him that we were close by, Nora and I, and that we would surely win freedom for him. And then, when I had throttled that desire, came a fool idea that I might get into the house across the way and secure Mr. Emmett's release by stealth.

Then I remembered what Nora had said—how she had said that there was but one sure way of rooting up this danger once and for all, and I shook myself together and strengthened my determination to bide my time till the chance came. Before midnight of the tenth there would come a time for taking desperate chances if other schemes failed.

The old man put out his light. Then I closed my window, drew the shutters to, and lit the gas. I was disappointed. I had hoped that the Hindus would show themselves in the room, as they had done, I felt sure, on the preceding night, and though I had told Miss Nora I had no expectation of winding up the matter that night, I had hoped against hope that opportunity would offer so that the dirty business could be done without her soft eyes there to see.

Now that not one of the Hindus had appeared in the room during the hours I had watched, I began to fear that my scheme might fail. Suppose all my planning were to come to naught? It began to look as though it might. For you cannot shoot people unless opportunity offers for drawing a bead upon them.

I packed the gun away very carefully, took the glass, locked the room, and walked up to our hotel. I didn't fancy the idea of sleeping in the dirty bed that stood in my garret room.

The girl was still up and dressed, waiting for me, or for tidings of me. She was a weary and anxious-looking little lady, but she was game still, and she cheered me up wonderfully. I was utterly discouraged. It was about two o'clock in the morning—the time of night when a fellow must needs have about ten stiff drinks in him to be cheerful at all under the most ordinary circumstances. I was troubled by circumstances of the most extraordinary and trying nature, and had had nary drink at all. I certainly was blue.

"The confounded skunks aren't going to show themselves at all," I said. "Saw one brown hand and about ten inches of a skinny brown arm sticking through the half-opened door, and that's all. My big scheme is a flat failure. Most two days clean wasted. I'm all in."

"But did you find Dad?"

"Oh, yes, found him all right, and looked at him through the binoculars for five hours—mighty little good that'll do him!"

"Oh, but I'm glad!" cried the girl. "Now that you have found him, we simply can't fail to save him somehow."

"This is the morning of the tenth."

"Yes, but we have all the time there is till midnight." She shuddered a little. "And we can at least count on their coming to the room at midnight."

"They must not live long enough to come to the room at midnight," I replied. "They must die sooner than that. If they don't come to the room I must storm the house and trust to the pistol."

I lit a cigar, and for a long time we sat silent, each busy with the problem that confronted us. I was tired and discouraged, and my thoughts ran in circles, but Miss Nora thought to some purpose. I had given up in despair, and was apathetically watching the girl as she sat at the table, with her chin in the hollow of her hand, just as I had seen her father sit two hours before, when she suddenly straightened up, bringing her hand down on the table with a decisive gesture.

"I think I have a scheme!" she said.

"Good girl! Spring it!"

"First, let me show you the file of today's correspondence." She placed several flimsy French envelopes on the table, then took from a drawer a sheet of paper, which she handed to me. "Read this first. It's a copy of the first message I sent to the 'Five.'"

I read: "When my father is free, safe and sound, the blue diamond will be delivered into your hands.

"NORA EMMETT."

"This is the answer." She opened one of the envelopes and passed across to me the sheet it contained. I read:

"Your father will be freed after the blue diamond is in our hands, not before.

"THE FIVE."

"Still 'The Five' eh?" I said. "Wonder they wouldn't tumble to the fact that Number Five is well along toward his next incarnation by this time."

"And here is my next play for time," said Miss Nora, handing another sheet across to me. I read again:

"Send my father to the obelisk at nine a. m. tomorrow, accompanied by one, no more, and the blue stone shall be delivered into the hands of him who comes.

"NORA EMMETT."

"Here is the answer to that." She passed to me still another sheet, which read:

"It is not yours to choose. Your father is in our power. We can reach you yourself when we wish. We have stated our terms. 'THE FIVE.'"

"That's all, thus far," she said. "Now watch. I shall write the next message. She took a fresh sheet of paper and wrote rapidly. Presently she passed the message over to me. She had written:

"Deliver the inclosed to my father at precisely ten o'clock tonight, neither before nor after. When he has read it he will tell you where you may find the blue diamond. Do not fail to observe exactly the time I specify, else he will be unable to read correctly the cipher I send. Follow his directions and you will have the blue stone in your hands in little time. You are to free my father in the moment that sees the stone in your hands, otherwise 'The Five' will be 'Four' henceforth. NORA EMMETT."

"Well?" she said anxiously, while I was knitting my brows over the letter.

"I'm in the dark yet. What cipher will you inclose? And what's the point of the ten o'clock business? Is it all a bluff, or does it have some real significance?"

"Both. Father and I used to play with a cipher code—Dad was in the signal service during the Civil War, and had some experience in handling ciphers—and we had a certain code of our own that shifted with the clock. That is, it would mean one thing at one hour and something else at some other hour. It was a very complicated thing. Nobody could ever solve a message in that code without the key."

"And have you that key now?"

"I should say not!"

"Then how will you manage?"

"Oh, I'll just write a mysterious-looking collection of figures. The Hindus will look at the figures, and not being able to solve the puzzle, will put it up to Dad at ten o'clock, since it's not likely that they can find any reason why they shouldn't comply with my instructions. Then Dad, receiving the message at the significant hour, will remember our cipher play, and will begin to rack his brain in an endeavor to remember the key——"

"And meanwhile our precious quartet will be standing around rubbering, all on nettles for the answer!" I cried, jumping to my feet. "You're a brick, girl! I can see them now, all bunched together in the corner. It will be like potting a covey of quail sunning themselves on a south slope!"

"Do you really think it will work?"

"Why not?"

She looked at the message dubiously. "Well, perhaps it will. We'll hope." Then she added: "Do you think it best to hint that we know something of the fifth man, or would you cut out that last clause?"

"Let it go. I may give them a glimmer of an idea that perhaps we haven't been altogether idle, after all—that we may not be quite so slow as we look."

Then an idea came to me. "Wait!" I said, and rushed off to my room. I returned presently with a slender noose of silk. "Here, put this in the letter. It isn't a lock of our friend's hair, but I fancy they'll recognize it and feel a trifle uneasy as to the fate of the gentleman who carried it before he went away."

So we put the noose in the envelope with the letter and the bit of paper covered with the haphazard column of figures, woke the puzzled porter, gave him a five-franc piece, and sent him out with the message, with instructions to be very circumspect in returning to the hotel, though we felt little doubt that the Hindus knew where we were located by this time.

In three quarters of an hour the porter was back with this answer to our message:

"We shall deliver cipher to your father at ten p. m. today. 'THE FIVE.'"

### CHAPTER VIII.

Next morning I went across the river again and bought a big automobile lamp, a searchlight almost. My experience of the night before had made me uneasy for fear I might fall down when it came to shooting to kill in the flickering light of the one little jet in Mr. Emmett's room, so I had decided to be on the safe side. I figured that with the dazzling beam of light thrown by the reflector of the lamp, I could light the room at will. Further the light might help also by blinding and dazing the thugs with whom we had to deal.

We passed a very dreary day. There was nothing to do but wonder what the night was going to bring forth, and in doing that we thought of all the things that might happen to queer our game.

"Suppose they pull down the blinds," said Miss Nora, while we were going through the motions of eating breakfast.

"Please don't think of it!" I said. "I've been worrying about that all morning. Now, that you're thinking about it, too, I suppose they'll get the idea out of the air, and make it a sure-enough case of closed blinds—shutters rather, for they don't seem to know what blinds are in this country."

"But what must we do if they do close

**Breaks a Cold in a Day**

**And Cures Any Cough That Is Curable. Noted Doctor's Formula.**

"From your druggist get two ounces of Glycerine and half an ounce of Concentrated Pine compound. Take these two ingredients home and put them into a half pint of good whiskey. Take one to two teaspoonfuls after each meal and at bed time. Smaller doses to children according to age." This is the best formula known to science. There are many cheaper preparations of large quanti[illegible] but it don't pay to experiment with a bad cold. Be sure to get only the genuine (Globe) Concentrated Pine. Each half ounce bottle comes in a sealed tin screw-top case. If your drggust does not have it in stock he will get it quickly from his wholesale house. This has been published here every winter for six years and thousands of families know its value.

**BUNIONS** Here is quickest and surest cure known for corns, callouses, bunions, frost-bites, sweaty and aching feet. "Two tablespoonfuls of Calocide compound in hot-foot-bath, gives instant relief and if repeated daily for a short time, permanent cure results. Get a box of this remarkable Calocide from any druggist or direct from Medical Formula laboratories of Chicago.

* * *

A man who combs his hair over the little bald spot on his head is sure to kick if the grocer happens to put the big potatoes on top of the measure.

* * *

**Free Asthma and Hay Fever Cure.**

D. J. Lane, a chemist at 115 Lane Building, St. Marys, Kansas, manufactures a remedy for Asthma and Hay Fever in which he has so much confidence that he sends a $1 bottle by express to anyone who will write for it His offer is that he is to be paid for it if it cures, and the one taking the treatment is to be the judge.

* * *

If a man smokes in the house and his wife is afraid her curtains will be ruined, he should be obliging and take them down.

* * *

**UNCLE SAM NEEDS HELP.**

Any of our readers wishing a Government position should send postal immediately to Franklin Institute, Dept. R-79, Rochester, N. Y., for full list of positions open. This list shows the salaries, the duties, and tells how to get the positions.

* * *

You may have noticed how different men are from hogs. The latter never want to do things that are not good for them.

* * *

**How to Get Rid of Catarrh**

**A Simple, Safe, Reliable Way, and It Costs Nothing to Try.**

Those who suffer from catarrh know its miseries. There is no need of this suffering. You can get rid of it by a simple, safe, inexpensive, home treatment discovered by Dr. Blosser, who, for over thirty-six years, has been treating catarrh successfully.

His treatment is unlike any other. It is not a spray, douche, salve, cream, or inhaler, but is a more direct and thorough treatment than any of these. It cleans out the head, nose, throat and lungs so that you can again breathe freely and sleep without that stopped-up feeling that all catarrh sufferers have. It heals the diseased mucous membranes and arrests the foul discharge, so that you will not be constantly blowing your nose and spitting, and at the same time it does not poison the system and ruin the stomach, as internal medicines do.

If you want to test this treatment without cost, send your address to Dr. J. W. Blosser, 27 Walton Street, Atlanta, Ga., and he will send you by return mail enough of the medicine to satisfy you that it is all he claims for it as a remedy for catarrh, catarrhal headaches, catarrhal deafness, asthma, bronchitis, colds and all catarrhal complications. He will also send you free an illustrated booklet. Write him immediately.

* * *

It's as easy to be popular with yourself and please your neighbors simultaneously as it is to sit on a barbed wire fence.

* * *

**LADIES, PRESERVE YOUR YOUTHFUL APPEARANCE.**

Madame Mignette's Beauty Cream and Skin Food removes every defect, spot, freckle, pimple, blemish or wrinkle, leaving the skin soft, clear and smooth. It is perfectly harmless and will not injure the most delicate skin. It preserves and brings back the youthful glow to the face and ruddiness to the cheeks, preserving it in this condition until extreme old age. This preparation has been used for years, and hundreds are now using it and are more than delighted with the results. Send us ten (10) cents for formula which you can have filled at any drug store at a very, small cost. Do not delay, but write at once. Box 491. Blairsville, Pa.

* * *

If a woman admits that she really loves her husband, a lot of other married women pretend to feel sorry for her.

the shutters, anyhow?" persisted the girl.

"If they do that, there'll be only one way out. I must go into that place with the pistol and clean up—that's all. Makes me feel sort o' cold up and down my backbone, but that's the ticket if they close the shutters."

"You meant to say that 'we' must go into that place and clean up, didn't you?"

"No! I did NOT mean to say that!" I said. "There simply can't be any question about this. A girl has no business in a mix-up like that. I will not have you risking yourself for nothing."

"Oh, you think I can't shoot—is that it?"

"No, that isn't it. I can well believe that you would give a good account of yourself, but—well, hang it all, I simply won't have it, that's all!"

Her hand went stealing out across the table toward me. "Please!" she said.

"You may go to the room with me. I've promised that. It won't create scandal—in Paris." I laughed mirthlessly. "But that's all. You must not risk yourself further."

"Please!"

I blustered a little longer, then gave in, just as I had felt I would do ultimately, from the moment in which she began to say "please!"

"Oh, very well," I said at last. "You may go. But I pray God the shutters won't be closed."

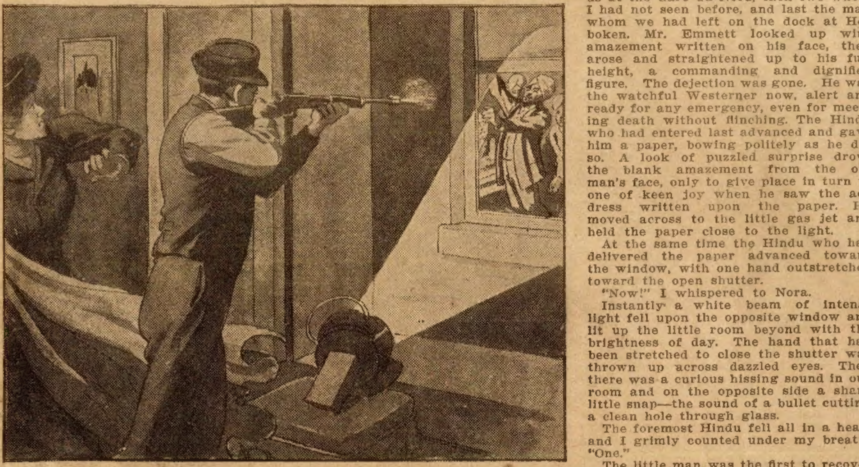
* * * * * *

At nine o'clock we were in the room on the fifth floor of the house on the Rue de ———. For a little time I did not light the gas, but sat in the dark trying to untie the knots that came in my throat as I watched Nora, standing in the faint light with her face pressed against the window-pane, gazing into the little room across the alley. She gazed with her soul in her eyes, and though I could not see clearly in the twilight, I felt sure that she was crying quietly.

Now, there's nothing under the shining sun that makes a fellow feel more uncomfortable than to see a woman cry, and not feel properly delegated to take her in his arms and coddle her. I had no call to coddle Nora, so I simply had to grit my teeth and bear the pain of it. Finally I moved over close to her, and when she heard me behind her she put out a hand and felt for mine—a cold little hand I found it, when it nestled in my big one. But I could only press it between my palms and wish that the nightmare were over and that I were free to tell her how much I loved her.

Across the way Mr. Emmett was sitting at his little table, just as he had sat on the night before and on the night before that—with his head in his hands and with utter dejection obvious in his whole aspect. As I watched him I could hear Nora whispering, just as though she were speaking in her father's ear.

"Daddie!" she said. "Daddie, Nora is watching. We'll try, Daddie—try our best Daddie! Poor Daddie——"



The foremost Hindu fell.

It went to my heart like a dagger. For, to tell the truth, I felt that our chance for success in our efforts to free Mr. Emmett unscathed was about one against three. I dreaded the issue of the next hour. But I pooh-poohed the girl's fears.

"Come, cheer up!" I whispered. "It'll be all right in an hour from now."

"Do you think so—truly?"

"Sure thing!" I said, with all the assumption of certainty I could command. "Come, now, we must get busy."

So we went to work, darkly and silently. I carefully closed the shutters and lighted a little wax taper. By the light of the candle I went over the Winchester—oh, so carefully—to make sure that it was ready for business. After that I got out the two automatic pistols, saw that they were loaded, and handed one to Miss Nora. Lastly I rigged up the big automobile lamp, set it on a chair before the window on the left, lighted it, and covered its lens with my coat, after throwing the "spot" on our shutter, so as to be assured that it would shine into the opposite window when the shutter was opened.

"Now," I whispered to the girl, "you kneel on the floor by the chair, and when you hear me say 'Now,' draw the coat away from the lamp. If the beam of light doesn't fall directly into the room over there, turn or tip the lamp till it does."

I put out the little candle and opened the shutters of both windows. Then, very carefully, for the fastenings of those French windows are a caution, I opened the window to the right. I put a chair before the open window, laid the Winchester across it, and squatted on the floor behind it.

So the vigil began. I don't suppose it was over half an hour, but it seemed long ages, the time we sat there, motionless, without a whisper, with our eyes fixed on the figure of the poor old man who sat alone under the flickering light of the room across the alley and upon the closed door directly behind him. The time seemed so long that I finally began to think that it must be far past ten o'clock. I became panic-stricken—began to fear that midnight was approaching—began to be possessed with the horrible idea that when the door did open it would be but to herald the vengeance that the Hindus had vowed to wreak upon Mr. Emmett on the stroke of the hour that ushered in the tenth.

Then a big bell in a church tower nearby began to boom. One—two—three—four——

It began to seem as though the bell were tolling in my own head, or as though the whole earth were clanging and whirring with the bell.

Five—six—seven—eight—nine——

## CHAPTER IX.

We never heard the stroke of ten, for while the ninth was still humming and throbbing, the door of the room across from us opened.

If I live to be a thousand years old I shall not forget the little drama that was enacted in dumb show before our eyes then, while we watched in breathless silence. I suppose it was all over in less than three minutes, but to me then the business seemed to draw out endlessly. I felt as though I were looking at a vitagraph picture. It was hard to bring myself to think that it was real—that I was sitting in a darkened room in Paris, and that the four men I saw in the flickering light of the room across the alley were about to become targets for the big rifle I held in my hands.

The Hindus came in and stood by the wall, first the little man who had met us at the Gare du Nord, then two whom I had not seen before, and last the man whom we had left on the dock at Hoboken. Mr. Emmett looked up with amazement written on his face, then arose and straightened up to his full height, a commanding and dignified figure. The dejection was gone. He was the watchful Westerner now, alert and ready for any emergency, even for meeting death without flinching. The Hindu who had entered last advanced and gave him a paper, bowing politely as he did so. A look of puzzled surprise drove the blank amazement from the old man's face, only to give place in turn to one of keen joy when he saw the address written upon the paper. He moved across to the little gas jet and held the paper close to the light.

At the same time the Hindu who had delivered the paper advanced toward the window, with one hand outstretched toward the open shutter.

"Now!" I whispered to Nora.

Instantly a white beam of intense light fell upon the opposite window and lit up the little room beyond with the brightness of day. The hand that had been stretched to close the shutter was thrown up across dazzled eyes. Then there was a curious hissing sound in our room and on the opposite side a sharp little snap—the sound of a bullet cutting a clean hole through glass.

The foremost Hindu fell all in a heap, and I grimly counted under my breath: "One."

The little man was the first to recover from the amazement that struck the living in the room dumb and rigid when my victim fell as if stricken by silent lightning. He looked wildly about as if seeking to locate the source of the fatal blow and the blinding light, then ran forward and bent over the man on the floor. As he stooped, my second bullet crashed through the top of his head, and he fell dead across the body of the other.

"Two," I counted.

My next shot went wild. The fourth plugged the third Hindu through the heart. The fifth brought the last of our enemies to the floor just as he seemed to grasp the significance of what was happening and turned to make a dash for the door. It was all over inside fifteen seconds.

For a little time I continued to kneel, holding the rifle poised, waiting to make sure that they were all dead. While I watched thus, I noticed that Mr. Emmett was still standing by the gas jet, holding the cipher letter in his hand, just as he had stood when the butchery began. He put a hand up and rubbed his eyes as though he expected the whole picture to fade away.

"Cover the light!" I whispered, and in a twinkling the little gas jet was left but a feeble glow in the dark.

Our room was full of the stifling fumes of burned smokeless powder. There had been no sound save the hiss of the gas escaping through the silencer and the faint tinkle of falling glass as a pane in the opposite window had cracked under the impact of my second bullet. I eased my rifle to safety and turned to Nora.

I don't know how it happened, but Nora was crying into my shirt bosom, and I was kissing the top of her head and the back of her neck, and such other unsatisfactory parts of her person as one can command with his lips when a girl is crying with her face just over his heart.

"There, there, dear!" I was saying. "There, there!" Just as though those were the only words in the English language.

Presently she looked up. Then I took a kiss from her lips, and one from each of her brimming eyes.

"Silly!" she said. And put both arms around my neck and kissed ME!

* * * * *

I came to myself with a start. "Thunderation!" I cried. "We've forgotten your father!"

We ran to the window and looked across the way. The old gentleman was

(Continued on page twenty.)

## WORKS WITHOUT FAITH

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A Bay State belle talks thus about coffee:

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"I realized the danger I was in and tried faithfully to get relief from medicines, till, at last, after having employed all kinds of drugs, the doctor acknowledged that he did not believe it was in his power to cure me.

"While in this condition a friend induced me to quit coffee and try Postum, and I did so without the least hope that it would do me any good. I did not like it at first, but when it was properly made I found it was a most delicious and refreshing beverage. I am especially fond of it served at dinner ice-cold, with cream.

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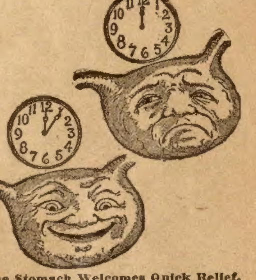

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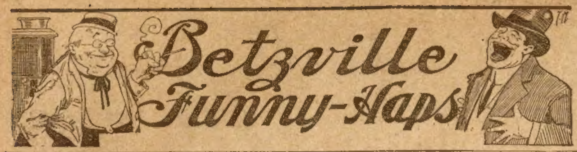
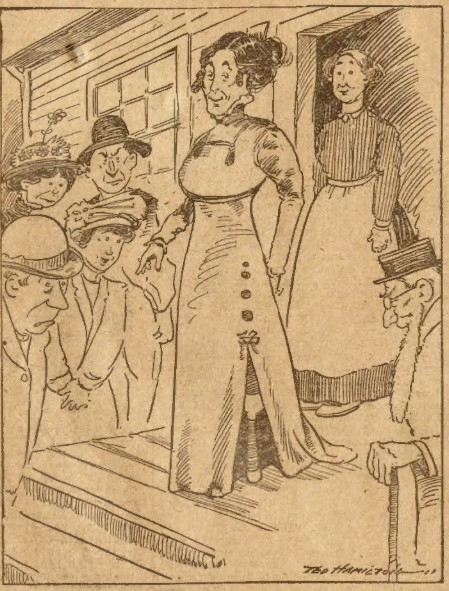


# HER DIRECTOIRE SKIRT

### *By Ellis Parker Butler*



"Well, of all the disappointed crowds."

Aunt Rhinocolura Betz, of Betzville, is one of the dearest old ladies you ever saw, even if she has one wooden leg, but if she has one failing it is the desire to be stylish, and when she read in the papers about those newfangled directoire gowns, she sat right down and wrote a letter to the city for one, and it came Thursday before last. She gave all her proper measures, but the gown makers did not seem to care for them. They thought about half of Aunt Rhinocolura would be enough to go into a directoire gown at one time, I guess. In their letter they came right out and said that 60 inches of bust measure was absolutely un-directoire; and as for hip measures, the really fashionable people were trying to get along nowadays, about as hiplessly as possible. They wrote that they were willing to do all in their power, but that Aunt Rhinocolura must do her share. They said they judged that if she banted off about 180 pounds she would find the gown they were sending a good snug fit.

That letter was an awful disappointment to Betzville. There we were, the whole crowd of us, hanging around in front of Aunt Rhinocolura's residence, waiting for her to come out with her split-up-the-side dress, and to get a glimpse, maybe, of half a yard or so of silk stocking flashing out of the split, and all our vocal chords tuned up for a hearty cheer, when her hired girl stepped out on the front porch and read the letter. It was a sad disappointment, but it was a sadder one to Aunt Rhinocolura.

I don't suppose you ever tried to bant off 180 pounds; I never did; but Aunt Rhinocolura started right in to do it. There are forty-two ways to get rid of over-largeness of the human being, and Aunt Rhinocolura took them all up at once, knowing how eager the population was to see that gown. She was a right kind-hearted old lady. Some of the flesh-reducer was the kind you take inwardly out of a bottle, and some was cling-fast rubber things that you lace around the human form and sleep perspiringly in, and some was potatoes you don't eat, and some was running around the block rapidly, and some was standing an hour after each meal, and there was others.

Well, Aunt Rhinocolura she took them all up at once, and worked hard at them. No wood-sawyer ever worked harder than what Aunt Rhinocolura did, but the thing seemed to hang fire. Friday she hadn't lost an ounce, and Saturday her weight was just what it had been on Friday, and Sunday she weighed exactly the same. And Thursday of the next week she weighed the last Thursday to a fraction. The excitement was terrible. One party said she would do it, and one said she would never in the world—that she was naturally that size and nothing would change it—and it began to look as if they were right, when, Spang! Friday morning her greatness of size began to break loose!

It was like a river flood caused by an ice jam, and Aunt Rhinocolura started in Friday morning at 8:30 to lose flesh like a river loses its flood when the ice jam breaks. It started all at once, just that way. There she was, just as big as ever, and biff! all at once she began to fall off! By 9 a. m. she had lost ten pounds, and by 9:30 she had lost twenty-six pounds and ten ounces, and was falling rapidly. So the watchers ran out and rang the fire bell, and the populace gathered breathlessly, and by that time it was 10 a. m. and reports passed that Aunt Rhinocolura had lost eight-two pounds and that the falling off was increasing at a rapidly progressive rate.

Just there was where Aunt Rhinocolura began to get scared. She didn't know where she would stop thinning. Like as not she might go right on losing until she was all gone and too thin to wear anything, except a coffin. But she was a mighty kind-hearted old lady, and did not mean to disappoint anybody if she could help it, so she called in two neighbor ladies, and there they stood, one on each side of her, with the directoire gown in hand, ready to jam it into her the minute she touched the right weight, and she stood on the scales with her eyes fixed on the dial, ready to give the word, and all the time she was contracting rapidly. Then, all at once, she gave a yell, and the hired girl rung the dinner-bell out of the front window, and the neighbor ladies jammed the gown onto her and hooked it up the back in one-tenth of a second, and Aunt Rhinocolura made a dash for the door, and everybody glued their eyes to the place where the split in that skirt was!

Well, of all the disappointed crowds you ever saw! That directoire skirt didn't cause any excitement at all. Come to find out, the split was on the same side that Aunt Rhinocolura's wooden leg was on!

Next week's Ledger will contain another Betzville story, "Ashdod Clute's Last Breath." It is very funny. Get the Ledger sure and read it.

**After the Age of Fifty**

From this age the human system gradually declines and the accumulated poisons in the blood cause rheumatism in joints, muscles and back. These warnings should be promptly relieved and serious illness avoided by using the following prescription which comes from a noted doctor and is said to have no equal in curing rheumatism and restoring physical vigor. Good results come after the first dose. "From your druggist get one ounce of Toris compound (in original sealed package) and one ounce of syrup of Sarsaparilla compound. Take these two ingredients home and put them into a half pint of good whiskey. Shake the bottle and take a tablespoonful before each meal and at bed-time." If your druggist does not have Toris compound in stock he will get it for you in a few hours from his wholesale house. Don't be influenced to take a patent medicine instead of this. Insist on having the genuine Toris compound in the original one ounce, sealed, yellow package.

## How Mosquitoes Dine.

At an early age the mosquito acquires an exhaustive knowledge of the anatomy of man, displaying an intimacy with the spots where the cuticle is thinnest, which does credit to mosquito methods of tuition. When he finds his victim asleep he can exercise his trained instincts at leisure, and devotes his attention to the ears, neck, or knuckles. If the forepart of your wrist chance to be exposed, he shows great partiality for that tender locality; but he is not exacting. While you are awake he exhibits the unobtrusive side of his character, and prefers to pasture on your ankles. To do this he must of course penetrate your sock; and here again you discover how thoroughly he has been prepared by education for his career. He doesn't waste time over worsted; he has been taught that its thickness exceeds the length of his sharp proboscis, and he passes that fabric huffily by to browse upon ankles protected only by thin cotton or silk; they offer no obstacle worth mentioning, and he knows it.

In taste the mosquito is dainty and discriminating. He despises the colored man, and turns up his proboscis at a tough, sun-dried tramp. The mosquito's appetite is gigantic, for he is all stomach. Watch him while he is feeding—on somebody else—and you marvel at his extraordinary elasticity and power of accommodation. Having waited until his victim's eyes betoken slumber, he ceases the song he has been singing thoughtfully to himself, and drops, softly as a floss of thistledown, upon the spot of his choice. He folds his gauzy wings, projects his proboscis, strokes the creases out of it, gives it a flourish or two, and plunges it into the epidermis. At first he stands on all eight legs, absorbed in his repast; but presently, the first sharp edge of hunger dulled, he begins to show signs of enjoyment. Raising his hindmost pair of legs, he works them stiffly up and down, as though to aid by this pumphandle action the process of suction; his body, no thicker than a silken thread when he alighted, begins to take decided shape, and the black and gray bands which adorn him show up distinctly. Steadily he continues to increase in bulk uniformly from end to end; a pinky hue suffuses his whole being, and he seems to blush all over with delight. By and by the hindmost legs cease pumping, and resume their proper office; the distended body sinks down as though the slender limbs could no longer support its weight. The mosquito has finished; in other words, he is as full as he can hold. He draws in his proboscis, and the imaginative spectator hears his faint sigh of repletion; he feels his now portly form all over with his legs, just to make sure that he can't hold any more, spreads his wings, and sails heavily away, to digest his meal in seclusion.

* * *

## Sharpshooters in a Duel.

Len Doremus was the crack sharpshooter of Genreal A. P. Hill's division. It was his boast when the war was not yet two years old, that he had picked off thirty-odd Yankees, some of whom were officers of high rank. No doubt he had done it.

Pete Martin of General Slocum's division was his equal in skill and daring. He and Lem had been intimate friends before the war, and the dearest wish of each was a chance to draw a bead on the other. They maneuvered for a long time to do so, without success. One sultry afternoon in the summer of 1863, while both were scouting a stretch of woods between the lines, they came face to face so suddenly that neither had an advantage.

"Let's fight fair!" called Lem, instantly recognizing his enemy.

"All right; you do the counting."

"Make ready!"

Each man brought his rifle to his shoulder and took deliberate aim at the heart of the other. In a clear, even voice, Len called:

"One—two—three!"

The weapons rang out at the same instant. Then each lowered his gun and stared in amazement at each other. Neither had been grazed.

Since both were unerring rifle shots, their mutual nausea was beyond description. They could not understand it.

After the war they met at a reunion of the blue and gray. Recalling their former encounter, Len said:

"I have never been able to figure it out; have you?"

"Yes," replied Pete with a grin; "our aim was true, but the bullets met in midair and each smashed the other."

He was right.

* * *

## Needed Pockets.

A veteran praising General Leon A. Matile of Washington, said:

"Matile was a quick judge of men. I remember, just before the battle of Atlanta, a visitor presented his son to him. The son was a gawky, overgrown slouch of a lad, but his father, proudlike, said to Matile:

"Well what do you think of my boy?"

"The boy, his eyes half closed, leaned against a tent post, a straw hat in his mouth and his hands in his pockets. Matile looked at him shrewdly and replied:

"'Well, sir, I think if your boy had another hand he'd want another pocket.'"

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# HER MAD LOVER;

## Or, THE FALSE AND THE TRUE

### By EMMA HOWARD WIGHT

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Begun in No. 48, Dec 2. Subscriptions can begin with that issue, or back copies can be obtained from news stands, our agents, or by mail from the office of publication.

CHAPTER VI. (Continued.)

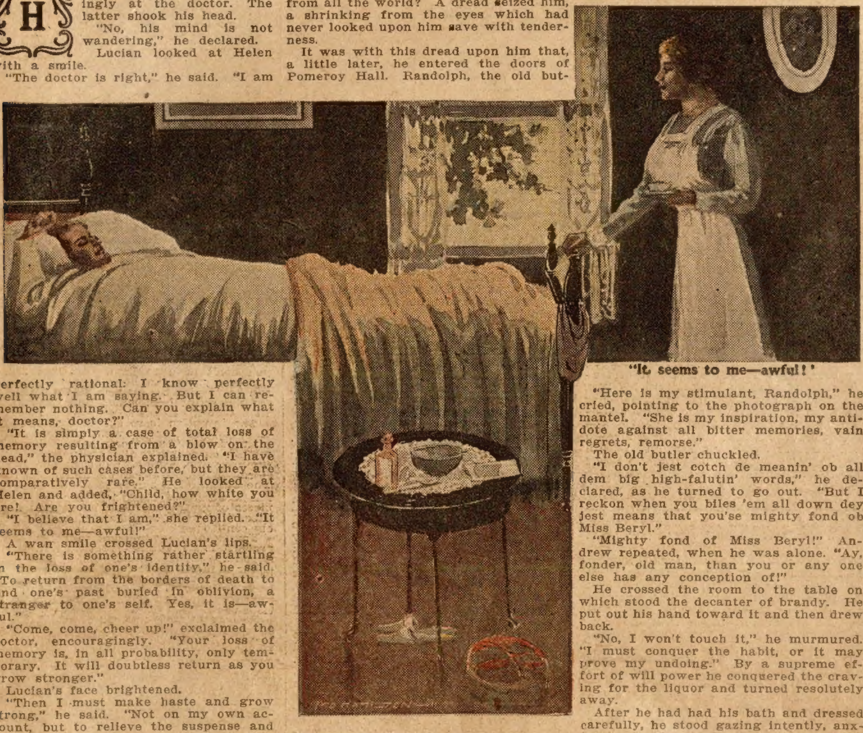
THE PAST A BLANK.

HELEN glanced quickly at Lucian and then questioningly at the doctor. The latter shook his head.

"No, his mind is not wandering," he declared.

Lucian looked at Helen with a smile.

"The doctor is right," he said. "I am perfectly rational: I know perfectly well what I am saying. But I can remember nothing. Can you explain what it means, doctor?"



"It seems to me—awful!"

"It is simply a case of total loss of memory resulting from a blow on the head," the physician explained. "I have known of such cases before, but they are comparatively rare." He looked at Helen and added, "Child, how white you are! Are you frightened?"

"I believe that I am," she replied. "It seems to me—awful!"

A wan smile crossed Lucian's lips.

"There is something rather startling in the loss of one's identity," he said. "To return from the borders of death to find one's past buried in oblivion, a stranger to one's self. Yes, it is—awful."

"Come, come, cheer up!" exclaimed the doctor, encouragingly. "Your loss of memory is, in all probability, only temporary. It will doubtless return as you grow stronger."

Lucian's face brightened.

"Then I must make haste and grow strong," he said. "Not on my own account, but to relieve the suspense and anxiety others must be suffering—those near and dear to me."

Helen thought of the name he had spoken so often in his delirium. If the woman who bore it loved him, how she must suffer!

"You'll soon be gaining back your strength now," the doctor said, as he turned to go.

CHAPTER VII.

A CHANGE OF IDENTITIES.

As the train drew up at the station, Andrew Pomeroy's face grew white with a craven fear. His knees trembled under him as he arose from his seat.

"Am I going to lose my nerve at the very time when I need it most?" he muttered, as he walked toward the door. I must pull myself together. What is there to fear, after all? Nothing. There exists no creature who could possibly fathom the truth."

As he alighted from the train a colored groom from Pomeroy Hall came forward, touching his cap.

"The dog-cart am heah, Marse Lucian," he said.

Andrew drew a long, deep breath.

"All right, Jim,'' he said, and he watched rather anxiously the darky's face as he spoke.

The darky again touched his cap and went toward the dog-cart. Andrew smiled at his fear. His voice would never betray him. It was too much like Lucian's. Several persons whom he encountered on his way to the dog-cart saluted him respectfully and greeted him by his brother's name. Andrew felt reassured, but wished that his first encounter with the old servants at Pomeroy Hall was well over.

"All well at the Hall, Jim?" he asked, after they had driven a short distance.

"Yaas, sah, all well, 'ceptin' Mammy," Jim replied. "She's been a li'l poo'ly."

Andrew started. Mammy, the faithful creature who loved him more than she had loved her own flesh and blood! Would he succeed in deceiving her?

"What is amiss with Mammy?" he asked.

"She am sort ob droopin' lak," replied Jim. "Mammy ain't nebber been de same sence Marse Andrew went 'way. Reckon she nebber stop frettin' 'bout him. 'T'would be a happy day fo' ole Mammy ef Marse Andrew would come home."

Andrew shivered. He sat staring straight before him, pale and silent. The instinct of love is stronger than that of hate, he had often heard it urged. Would the simple old creature who loved him fathom the guilty secret hidden from all the world? A dread seized him, a shrinking from the eyes which had never looked upon him save with tenderness.

It was with this dread upon him that, a little later, he entered the doors of Pomeroy Hall. Randolph, the old butler, came forward to meet him.

"Welcome home, Marse Lucian," he said.

Andrew, remembering the courtesy with which Lucian invariably treated the servants and all those inferior to him, held out his hand to the old darky.

"Thank you, Randolph," he said. As he turned to ascend the stairs he added, "Bring some brandy to my room, Randolph." Then, as he caught the involuntary look of surprise on the old man's face, "I've had a very tiresome journey and feel the need of a stimulant," he explained, a little laboredly.

"Yaas, sah, I'll fetch the brandy," said Randolph. He stood looking gravely after Andrew as he ascended the stairs. "I hopes dat Marse Lucian ain't gwine to take to drinkin' brandy too," he murmured, with a shake of the head. "I'se done fetched brandy mighty 'offen to Marse Andrew, but dis am de fust time I eber fetch it to Marse Lucian."

Upstairs, in the room that had been his brother's, Andrew stood gazing shudderingly about him. It all so vividly recalled the brother whom he believed he had murdered, that mutely his lips formed the words which have thundered down through all the ages: "Cain, where is thy brother?"

"I can't occupy this room," Andrew murmured, with pale lips. "I'll make some excuse and change to another."

He was about to turn to the bell when his eyes fell upon a photograph of Beryl, which, beautifully framed, stood upon the mantel. The hot blood rushed to his face and his heart leaped. He went up to the mantel and stood gazing passionately upon the exquisite face. She wore a white, filmy gown which left bare her lovely shoulders and arms.

"How lovely, oh, how lovely she is!" murmured Andrew, gloatingly. "And I love her, oh, God! how I love her! She will love me. I shall hold her in my arms, kiss her lips, feel her lovely arms about my neck. She will be my wife, my darling, my beloved! For this I have stained my soul with crime, but it is worth the price I have paid."

There was a tap on the door, and Randolph entered, carrying a tray on which were a decanter and a glass. He placed the tray on a table, then turned and looked at Andrew's flushed face and shining eyes.

"You don't look lak you war in need ob no stim'lant, Marse Lucian," he remarked, a little dryly.

Andrew laughed aloud, a strange laugh, almost wild in its exultation, its madness of joy.

"Here is my stimulant, Randolph," he cried, pointing to the photograph on the mantel. "She is my inspiration, my antidote against all bitter memories, vain regrets, remorse."

The old butler chuckled.

"I don't jest cotch de meanin' ob all dem big high-falutin' words," he declared, as he turned to go out. "But I reckon when you biles 'em all down dey jest means that you'se mighty fond ob Miss Beryl."

"Mighty fond of Miss Beryl!" Andrew repeated, when he was alone. "Ay, fonder, old man, than you or any one else has any conception of!"

He crossed the room to the table on which stood the decanter of brandy. He put out his hand toward it and then drew back.

"No, I won't touch it," he murmured. "I must conquer the habit, or it may prove my undoing." By a supreme effort of will power he conquered the craving for the liquor and turned resolutely away.

After he had had his bath and dressed carefully, he stood gazing intently, anxiously at himself in the mirror. After a moment a smile of satisfaction crept about his lips.

"I could not be more like him," he murmured. "I am his other self—there is no detection possible." The next moment he started. "The scar! I had forgotten that." The face that looked back at him from the mirror was pale and scared. "If any one should discover the absence of the scar I am undone." With a trembling hand he took up a brush and carefully trained the hair lower over his brow. "His hair concealed it, and I must be careful, careful!"

He gave one more long glance at himself, turned away, crossed to the door, and went out. Just outside the door he stopped abruptly at the sight of Mammy coming toward him. He saw a sudden change come over her dusky face. She stopped and put out her hands toward him—wonder, joy, tenderness, flashing, in turn, over her face.

"Marse Andrew!" she cried. "My deah young massa!"

Andrew stood as though petrified, the cold perspiration breaking out on his brow. Then he pulled himself together, and with a laugh that sounded forced and unnatural, said:

"Why, Mammy, surely you do not mistake me for my brother, Andrew?"

She stared at him, wondering, bewildered, incredulous.

"Marse Lucian, am it really you?" she asked pitifully.

"Why, of course, Mammy. How could it possibly be any one else?"

She drew a long breath.

"I thought you war Marse Andrew."

"What caused you to mistake me for my brother?" He waited almost breathlessly for her to reply.

"I—I don't know," she answered, brokenly. She was trembling and unnerved. "But when I seed you standin' thar I war sho' dat my deah chile had done come home at last, dat de waitin' and de longin' and de griebin' war ober."

Her voice faltered and broke, the great tears rolled down her dusky cheeks. A pang of remorseful pity pierced Andrew's heart. He would have been less than human if he had had no affection for the

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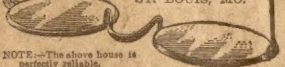

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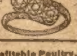

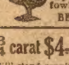

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faithful creature who had loved and cared for him so devotedly since the hour he was born.

"Don't grieve like that, Mammy," he said, a little unsteadily. "I can not bear for you to be unhappy."

She came a little nearer to him.

"Marse Lucian, when am my young massa comin' home?" she asked, with a sob.

He lifted his eyes and looked at her, steadily, unflinchingly, relentlessly, as he replied: "Never!"

Then, abruptly, he turned and left her.

## CHAPTER VIII.

## LOVE'S INTUITION.

Beryl, lovely as a dream in her pale blue gown, with rose-flushed cheeks and tender, shining eyes, was awaiting the coming of her lover. He was late. She had expected him to come early, but it was after eight o'clock, and still he did not come. She grew restless, and the joyous expectancy in her eyes clouded with disappointment and she felt a touch of that heartsickenss which comes from "hope deferred." Why did he not come? What could keep him? They had been separated a month, and she had fancied that he would lose no time in coming to her on his return. She remembered the promise she had given him to name an early date for their wedding when he returned, and a dreamy smile crept about her lips.

In her restlessness she wandered to the piano and seated herself. A melody, soft, tender, passionate, grew beneath her touch. She did not hear Andrew enter, and he stood for a moment gazing upon her, thrilled through all his being by her loveliness and pale to the lips with the emotions that thronged upon him.

Slowly, half fearfully, he approached her.

"Beryl!"

She started and looked up.

"Lucian!" she murmured, radiantly, tenderly, and arose.

He put out his arms and drew her to him. He held her close and rained passionate kisses upon her lips, her throat, her hair, while incoherent words of tenderness and passion broke from his lips. His passion and abandon surprised her and filled her with a vague distaste. Lucian had always been very gentle and very tender in his wooing. Andrew's wild caresses awoke no response within her. After a moment she drew herself gently, but firmly, from his embrace.

Andrew saw that he had repelled her, and hastened to reassure her.

"I am almost beside myself with joy again, Beryl," he said. "I wonder if this month has seemed as long to you as it has to me."

She smiled a little as she seated herself upon a couch.

"Longer, perhaps," she replied. "You had not so much time to think, and you had a different environment. But tell me," as he seated himself beside her, "about your trip. Is there coal on the land?"

For the moment he was completely nonplused. He had not been able to summon up sufficient nerve to return to the vicinity of his crime, though he longed desperately to learn what had happened after the body of his brother had been discovered.

"Oh, yes, there is coal on the land," he replied to Beryl's question, concluding that he was safe in making the assertion. He placed his arm about her and drew her head to his shoulder. "Beryl, my darling, my beloved, I have so longed to feel your arms about me and hear you say that you love me."

"You know that I love you, Lucian," she said.

"Beryl, when will you marry me?"

She was silent, her beautiful brows drawn together in a little perplexed frown. He waited in almost breathless suspense, but she did not speak.

"Beryl, why do you not answer me?" he asked at length.

"Pardon me, Lucian," she said, gently. "You ask me when I will marry you. I—I do not know." She looked up at him appealingly, deprecatingly. She had intended to answer him so differently, but the desire to do so was gone. She was far from understanding why her words should cause his face to whiten, but she felt that he was deeply pained.

"Beryl," he began, desperately, but she stopped him with a deprecatory gesture.

"Do not say any more now, Lucian, do not press me tonight," she pleaded. "I must have time—to think."

"It shall be as you wish," he acquiesced with a sigh. "But do not keep me long in suspense, for I shall never know peace or happiness until you are my wife."

She glanced at him wonderingly.

"I cannot understand why you should feel like that," she said.

"I shall always be in dread of something happening to part us," he replied.

She smiled a little. "You are unlike yourself tonight, Lucian," she declared. "It is not like you to be—morbid."

"I am a little over-tired, perhaps, from my journey," he explained.

"You look completely worn out," she declared. "Go home, dear, and get a good night's rest. Tomorrow you will feel differently."

He felt that it would be wiser to go and arose.

"Yes, I shall be all right tomorrow," he said. "My darling, good night."

He took her in his arms as she arose.

"Good night, Lucian." She lifted her lips for his kiss. He conquered the longing to cover her lovely face with passionate kisses, and kissed her once, then released her.

When he was gone and she was alone, a feeling of depression stole over her, for which she was at a loss to account. She had been so happy all day, so filled with joyous expectancy, and now she felt strange and depressed.

"I wonder if he thought me cold, unresponsive, capricious?" she murmured, with a twinge of remorse. Now, that she was alone all the old love and tenderness rushed over her. "Lucian, my beloved, I will make amends. When you come to me tomorrow I will set the date for our wedding."

## CHAPTER IX.

## "BETTER THAN MYSELF."

It was 6 o'clock in the evening. Lucian stood in the doorway of Daniel Roddy's house, watching, with a reflective look on his face, the miners returning to their homes from their work in the mines. He had entirely regained his physical strength, but his mind, as far as the past was concerned, remained a blank. Memory had not returned with bodily strength.

Roddy, in overalls and flannel shirt, his face black with coal dust, came striding up the street, carrying his dinner pail and turned in at the little gate, calling out a cheery greeting to Lucian. In a moment or so, Lucian followed him to the kitchen, where Helen was preparing the supper.

"Mr. Roddy, I want you to get me a job in the mines, if you please," Lucian said.

Helen gave him a quick, troubled look.

Roddy reached for a towel to wipe his face and head, which he had just plunged into a basin of water.

"You'd find working in the mines mighty hard work," he remarked.

Lucian smiled.

"No doubt. But I have regained my strength, and I am not afraid of the work. I have been a burden on you, Mr. Roddy, quite long enough. I really must find some work."

"I think I can git you an easier job than workin' in the mines," said Roddy.

Helen glanced eagerly, gratefully, at her father. Lucian looked at him questioningly.

"Indeed?" he said.

"The man that owns all the land on the east side of Relief is prospecting for coal," Roddy explained. "Rodney, the mining engineer, was telling me today that they wanted a secretary. I reckon now that that there sort of work would be more in your line than workin' as a miner?"

"Yes," Lucian admitted, "I think it would be. I would be very glad indeed to have the position."

"Then, if I was you, I'd lose no time in writin' to the man what owns the land and apply for the place," advised Roddy.

"I will write at once," said Lucian. "If you will tell me his name and his address."

"His name is Lucian Pomeroy; his address, Pomeroy Hall, Pomeroy, Va."

"Lucian Pomeroy, Pomeroy Hall, Pomeroy, Va.," repeated Lucian. "I'll go write to him." He half turned to go out, then stopped and said, with a smile, whimsical and a little wistful: "I had forgotten. There is a difficulty in the way of my applying for this position. I do not know my own name."

"I wouldn't let that hinder me," said Roddy. "Find yourself another name."

"There is nothing else to do under the circumstances," acquiesced Lucian. "A man can't get along without a name, and since I have lost mine I must find a substitute." He turned toward Helen. "Will you suggest a name?" His voice involuntarily softened as he spoke to her.

She reflected for a moment. "I was reading a story the other day," she said, thoughtfully. "The hero's name was Philip Earle. I like the name, and I admired the character of Philip Earle. He was good, noble and brave."

"I will borrow his name, since it pleased you," said Lucian. "It has almost as aristocratic a sound as—Lucian Pomeroy." His eyes lingered smilingly upon her face for a moment; then he turned and went out.

Helen continued her preparations for supper with a dreamy, far-away look in her beautiful eyes. Roddy glanced at her sharply once or twice. He did not speak, however, until he was seated at the table.

"So this here Philip Earle in the story was a good, brave and noble man," he remarked. "You seem to think that the name sorter suited this here t'other chap?"

"Yes," she replied quietly. "I think the name suits him. I think he is good and brave and noble. A man is a hero who bears so bravely and uncomplainingly such a terrible misfortune as his."

Roddy helped himself to the plate of potatoes she had placed beside him, and it was a moment or so before he spoke.

"Well, I reckon there's some truth in that," he at length remarked. "I wonder, now, if he ain't got a sweetheart, mebbe a wife," he went on, with assumed carelessness, carefully avoiding

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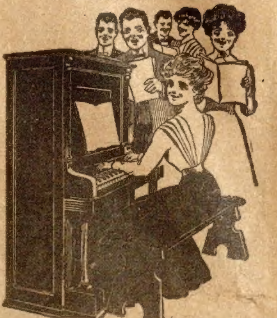

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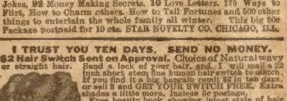

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looking at her, "a-frettin' herself 'most to death 'bout him. Don't you remember how he was always a-callin' some woman when he was delirious?"

"Yes, I remember very well," the girl replied quietly.

Her father gave her a furtive glance. "I don't jest recall the name," he said.

"It was Beryl."

At that moment Lucian returned with a letter in his hand.

"I have written to Mr. Pomeroy asking him for the position," he said.

"You set down and eat your supper," said Roddy. "I'll take the letter to the postoffice."

"Thank you." Lucian handed Roddy the letter and sat down at the table.

Helen brought him a cup of tea. He looked up at her as he took the cup from her hand. Roddy caught the look and frowned. The father's face was rather grave, when, a little later, he left the house, with Lucian's letter in his pocket.

"I reckon a man oughtn't to be sorry for havin' done a good act," he murmured to himself. "But if any trouble or heartache comes to that girl of mine because of this chap what I picked up by the roadside, I am afraid that I shall be sorry that I ever sort of played the Good Samaritan." He took the letter from his pocket and studied the address. "Writes a fine hand. He's eddicated and a gentleman. I wonder who he is and where he come from?" He slipped the letter back in his pocket with a shake of the head. "'Taint no use guessin', but I would like to know if he's got a sweetheart or a wife."

In the meanwhile, Lucian sat on the porch step and waited for Helen to join him.

"How long you have been!" he exclaimed, when she at length appeared. He rose and remained standing until she had seated herself in the wooden rocking chair on the porch. His exquisite courtesy was pleasing to her and had never appeared strange. Helen Roddy had spent six years of her life at a good boarding-school. Daniel Roddy had determined that his motherless daughter should have an education. His wife had been a country school teacher, a frail, delicate creature, who, finding the burden of life too heavy for her, had been glad to shift that burden to the broad shoulders of Daniel Roddy. She died soon after Helen's birth.

"I really haven't been long," Helen said, in reply to Lucian's complaint.

"It has seemed long to me," he declared.

"I suppose you are very often lonely," she said.

He smiled a little. From any other woman the words would have savored of coquetry.

"Lonely?" he repeated, slowly, musingly, as he seated himself at her feet. "No I do not think that I was exactly what you might term lonely. I mean that I do not fancy it was loneliness which caused me to wish for you." He paused. The girl sat very still, but her breath quickened. Then, softly, tenderly, Lucian said: "Helen, I love you." Still she did not speak. He placed his hand gently over hers as it lay on her lap. "Dear, do you care for me at all? Tell me."

"Yes, I love you," she answered, very simply.

His face lighted joyously; his fingers closed about hers.

"Helen, I think that I would be content for the past to remain buried in oblivion if I dared ask you to become my wife," he said. "If I were sure that in so doing I would be guilty of no wrong to you or—any other woman."

"I love you so well that I do not think I would fear any possible wrong to myself," she declared.

He leaned toward her eagerly, passionately.

"Then, Helen, my darling, will you marry me?" he whispered.

For a few moments she did not reply. The temptation to do as he wished was very strong, but she put it aside.

"I cannot," she answered, and her face looked white beneath its weight of dusky hair. "To do as you wish would make me happier than words can tell, but I must not, because I love you better than I love myself."

He smiled a little bitterly.

"That sounds rather paradoxical to me," he said. "If you loved me you would want to make me happy."

"I desire your happiness above everything else in the world. But if I were to marry you, as things are now, the day might come when I would find that I had destroyed your happiness."

"You mean if I should recover my memory?"

She inclined her head.

"Yes, and found that the past held for you a woman whom you dearly loved."

"Helen!" He arose, and kneeling beside her, drew her in his arms. "Ah, my beloved, the past can have held for me nothing sweeter than your love, no joy that could equal that of having you for my own, my wife."

He drew her closer and kissed her upon the lips. For the moment she yielded to the joy, the perfect content of his embrace, his caresses. Then very gently she drew herself away. With a sigh he arose.

"Listen," she said. The faint color, which his kisses had brought into her cheeks, died away. Her voice trembled a little as she continued: "When you were delirious a woman's name was continually on your lips."

"A woman's name!" he repeated. He leaned toward her eagerly. "And that name was——?"

She looked up at him bravely, while her heart throbbed painfully.

"The name was Beryl," she said.

"Beryl!" he repeated.

She watched him almost breathlessly. Would that name be potent enough to lift the mists which shrouded the past? After a moment he shook his head.

"The name is meaningless to me," he said.

## CHAPTER X.

## "WHAR AM MARSE LUCIAN?"

Andrew Pomeroy was seated at the breakfast table. Randolph, the old butler, brought in the letters on a silver tray. There were several. Andrew was about to put them carelessly aside and return to his breakfast when the handwriting on one of the envelopes riveted his attention. As he examined it more closely and looked at the postmark, his face paled. With unsteady hands he broke the seal and read the letter. He pushed away his plate and started up from the table.

"Aint you gwine to finish yo' breakfas', Marse Lucian?" the old butler asked, with a curious glance at Andrew's pale, disturbed face.

Andrew shook his head impatiently and went quickly out.

Andrew crossed the hall to the library, dropped into a chair, smoothed out the letter which he had crushed in his hand and again read it.

"What does it mean?" he murmured. "Who is this Philip Earle, living at Relief, whose handwriting is so like his? My God! what a shock it was when I saw it!" He drew a long, shivering breath. "I cannot bear this suspense. I must know. I'll wire Rodney." He turned to his desk, then stopped and thought a little. "No, I had better write." He sat for a while in miserable irresolution. "I'll wire him," he at length decided. "I cannot bear the suspense. I must know who this Philip Earle is."

He took a telegram blank, filled it in, addressed it, then arose and rang the bell.

"Have this sent at once, Randolph," he said to the old butler who answered the bell, handing him the telegram. "And bring me some brandy," as the darky turned to go out.

Randolph dispatched a boy to the station with the telegram, and was in the pantry filling a decanter with brandy when Mammy entered.

"Is you gwine to fetch dat brandy to Marse Lucian, Randolph?" she asked.

"Yaas, I'se gwine to fetch it to Marse Lucian," Randolph answered. "'Tween you and me, Lindy, I'se pow'ful afeard dat Marse Lucian am followin' in de footsteps ob Marse Andrew."

"Marse Lucian nebber uster to drink brandy," murmured Mammy, half to herself.

"No, it am only sence he comed back frum dat trip dat he's took to drinkin' brandy," declared Randolph. "He drinks a pow'ful lot ob brandy now. Marse Lucian nebber been lak hisse'f sence dat trip."

Mammy gave him a quick, inquiring glance.

"Ole massa, he had a sight ob trouble wid Marse Andrew," Randolph contined. "I'se glad dat he nebber libbed to see de day dat Marse Lucian done gone wrong." He picked up his tray with a sorrowful shake of the head and went out.

Mammy stood for a little time in deep thought. Then, suddenly, she lifted her head with an air of determination and started for the door.

"I kyant stand dis no longer," she declared. "I'se gwine to find out de truf."

She passed into the hall and went toward the library. Randolph came out as she reached the door. She motioned him aside and entered, carefully closing the door after her.

Andrew, who was about to pour some brandy into a glass, looked up quickly. A change passed over his face at the sight of the old colored woman. He shrank back, spilling the liquor.

Mammy came quickly up to him, laying her hand entreatingly on his arm.

"Don't drink it, young massa!" she pleaded.

"Nonsense!" Andrew exclaimed, petulantly, pouring himself out some more brandy. "Don't be foolish, Mammy," he added, lifting the glass to his lips and draining it. He turned away with a forced laugh and threw himself upon a couch. In a few minutes the liquor had mounted to his brain, and he sank into a half-stupor.

Mammy, who had been standing quietly watching him, went softly up to the couch, bent over him, and pushed back the hair from his brow.

There was no scar!

Mammy stood gazing upon the smooth brow for a moment, tremblingly; then she laid her hand heavily on Andrew's shoulder and aroused him. He stared up at her frowningly.

"What is it?" he asked.

She leaned toward him, and asked in a hoarse whisper: "Whar am Marse Lucian?"

He stared at her wildly, white as death.

"What do you mean?" he asked, hoarsely.

"You knows what I mean, Marse Andrew," she replied, with great sadness.

(Continued on page thirteen.)

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Entered as second-class matter June 25, 1885, at the postoffice at Chicago, Illinois, under act of March 3, 1879.

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## GENTLE JABS.

Society shocks a lot of people who are not in it.

It pays to be honest—at least it pays your employer.

Few men would care to flirt—if all women were past 40.

Some neighbors don't like it unless you talk about them.

A fool and his money remind one of a bald man and his hair.

One way to get even with people is to pay what you owe.

Apologies are perfectly satisfactory—to those who make them.

He who never stole a kiss doesn't know what he has missed.

It's easy to convince a spinster that it is unwise to marry young.

A small boy by any other name would get his hands just as dirty.

When a man howls for justice he wants to be the judge of it.

Some people ride in airships and some others are flighty by nature.

Some people's idea of a helping hand is one that is lined with silver.

The crop of fools isn't governed by the law of supply and demand.

Talk is cheap. Give us the silent lady on the silver dollar every time.

The girl who can't cook should keep out of the matrimonial frying pan.

Laugh today; your sense of humor may be out of commission tomorrow.

The love that survives six months of married life may be the genuine article.

Every time a woman throws a stone at an old hen she punctures the scenery.

If a man has money he can buy friends—but they are never worth the price.

What has become of the old-fashioned widow who used to "set her cap" for No. 2?

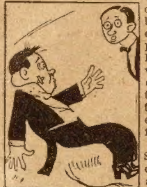
A man is as young as he feels—and a woman, too, but she doesn't always look it.

A pretty girl always thinks the men are trying to flirt with her—and she thinks right.

Lots of men get rich by informing others how to make a fortune—and charging for the information.

# Pickled Peppers

### His Grand Entrance.



Glenmore Davis, who is known among his friends as Stuffy, was invited to an extremely swagger dinner party. His host had primed the other guests with praises loud and long of the charm, wit and fascination of Stuffy, and all the party expected the prize entertainer to be on the job from soup to nuts.

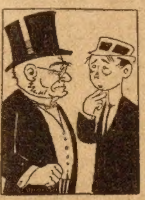
In the meantime, Stuffy, having been obliged to finish an article that afternoon, had been delayed, and, in his final burst of speed, had taken a large slice out of his cheek while tearing his whiskers from his face. Checking the flow of blood as best he might, he jumped into a taxicab and made a phenomenal trip to uptown New York. Just as he stepped out of the cab his foot slipped, he fell and his chin, jerked downward by the tumble, unbuttoned half his collar and pushed his tie under his right ear.

Ushered into the house by an imposing brigade of footmen, Stuffy slipped on one of those skating-rink rugs at the drawing-room door and slid like a toboggan into the midst of the wedding dinner party. There he was, jammed up against the wall, the left wing of his collar caressing the razor wound in his face and his tie flirting with his right ear.

"Good heavens! You fell, Stuffy, didn't you?" inquired the host, in great alarm.

"Oh, no!" replied Stuffy, calmly lifting himself up. "I always come in that way."

### Not So Early.



When President Eliot of Harvard was in active service as head of the University he was noted among the students for his abrupt and brusque manner. Reports had come to him that one of his young charges was in the habit of absorbing more liquor than was good for him, and President Eliot determined to do his duty and look into the matter.

Meeting the young man under suspicion in the yard shortly after breakfast one day, the president marched up to him and demanded: "Young man, do you drink?"

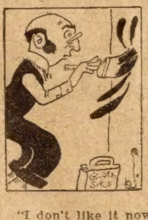
"Why, why, why," stammered the young man, "why, President Eliot, not so early in the morning, thank you."

### Struck a Rich Vein.

"I hear your son is making money as a sculptor?"

"That's what. I set up a sample of his statuary in our cornfield, and we ain't had a crow around since. Now he has more orders than he kin fill."

### A Handy Man's Exploit.



Mr. Brewster thought his front door looked as though a coat of varnish would do it no harm and resolved to do it himself to save the expense of a painter.

Finding an old "golden sirup" tin in the yard, he went off to the paint shop for some "best oak varnish." He placed it in the pantry for the night and was up early next morning, and by half past twelve had got the door finished.

"I don't like it now that it's done," he said to his wife.

"It's bad varnish," replied she. "The paint man has sold you the wrong sort of stuff."

He thought so, too, and went back to the shop, taking what was left with him.

"This is funny varnish you sold me," said he. "It's dull, sticky stuff."

After examining it the paint man said: "This is not what I sold you. This is sirup!"

It then dawned upon the handy man that he had got hold of the wrong tin, and he went back home to explain to his wife, who at once said:

"Good gracious, James! And I've made the pudding with the other tinful!" Then after a moment's pause, she added: "You'll dine today on roast mutton and varnish pudding!"

### In Some Places.

"Men can't be always strictly guarded in everything they say or do."

"I have known it to be done."

"Where, pray?"

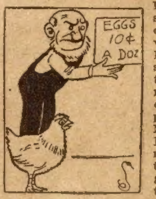
"In the penitentiary."

### Wise Old Father.

"Yes," said the young wife proudly, "father always gives something expensive when he makes presents."

"So I discovered when he gave you away," replied the young husband.

### Cruelty to Animals.



During the discussion of the difference between the high cost of living and the cost of high living, at the Curbstone Club the ancient carpenter vouchsafed the following: "It just seems like everything conspires to make things harder for a man when prices are high. Now, for instance, I know that all of my hens are worth their weight in gold—just when they ought to do their very best!"

"Smoke up! Your pipe's going out!" sarcastically exclaimed the real estate man.

"Fact," continued the ancient carpenter. "But I fooled the critters. I got a sign painted with words, 'Eggs 10 cents a dozen,' and hung it in the coop. Now the hens are laying two and three eggs every day, and some of them are even working nights."

### An Elopement in Colors.

"Wasn't that elopement story a highly colored one?"

"I should say it was. The father was purple with rage, the girl red with apprehension, her chum green with envy, the minister white with fear, the fellow showed a yellow streak, while the whole wedding party were blue at the outcome."

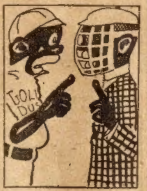
### Which Cat?

Mrs. Bacon—Look here! As true as I'm alive, there's a hair on your coat!

Mr. Bacon—It's only a cat hair, my dear.

Mrs. Bacon—I have no doubt. Who was the "cat," please?

### New Baseball Ruling.



The umpire scouts overlooked this indicator man. The following is a sample of his work:

The Atlanta Deppens and the Birmingham Gold Dusts, negro baseball teams, were playing a strenuous game in Atlanta. In one inning the Gold Dusts had the bases full with none out. An ebony-hued batter stepped to the plate. The pitcher sent the sphere to the catcher.

"One ball," called the negro umpire. Again the pitcher got busy.

"Two balls!" called the umpire.

After the third ball pitched the man with the indicator shouted:

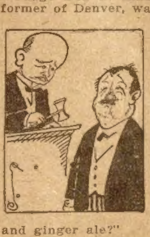
"Three balls!" Once more the sphere went across the plate.

"Fo' balls, yo' out!" shouted the umpire. The batter was highly indignant.

"What?" he yelled. "Me out? Whah yo' git that, man?"

"Now, look a-hear, man," said the umpire, "yo' gotta be out. Dey ain't no room fo' yo' on de bases."

### A Dangerous Drink.



Judge Ben B. Lindsey, the noted reformer of Denver, was lunching one day—it was very warm—when a politician paused beside his table.

"Judge," said the politician. "I see you're drinkin' hot cawfee. That's a heatin' drink."

"Yes," said Judge Lindsey.

"Oh, yes. In this weather you want iced drinks, judge—sharp, iced drinks. Did you ever try iced gin and ginger ale?"

"No," said the judge, smiling, "but I've tried several fellows who have."

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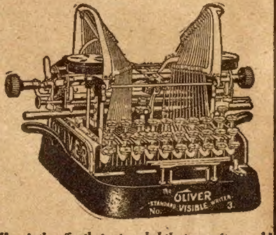

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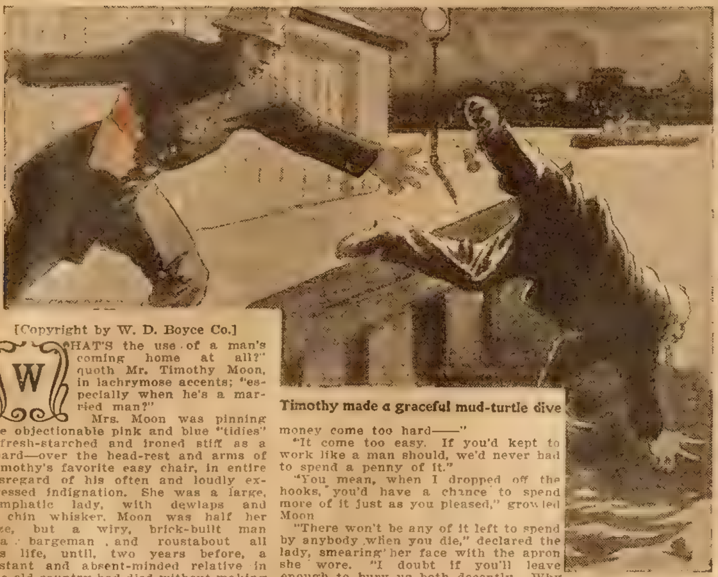
# MR. AND MRS. MOON;

## *Or, TIMOTHY'S RESURRECTION*

By W. BERT FOSTER



Timothy made a graceful mud-turtle dive

[Copyright by W. D. Boyce Co.]

"WHAT'S the use of a man's coming home at all?" quoth Mr. Timothy Moon, in lachrymose accents; "especially when he's a married man?"

Mrs. Moon was pinning the objectionable pink and blue "tidies"—fresh-starched and ironed stiff as a board—over the head-rest and arms of Timothy's favorite easy chair, in entire disregard of his often and loudly expressed indignation. She was a large, lymphatic lady, with dewlaps and a chin whisker. Moon was half her size, but a wiry, brick-built man—a bargeman and roustabout all his life, until, two years before, a distant and absent-minded relative in the old country had died without making a will, and the Moons obtained a comfortable slice of the deceased's fortune. With the coming of this legacy Timothy had sworn off work as a steady habit, and he and his wife began to really make each other's acquaintance. The resultant bickering and trouble could have been forseen by a prophet with half an eye.

"It's a pitiful shame, that it is!" was the burden of Mrs. Moon's rejoinder on this particular occasion, "you talkin' that-away about your own lawful wife, Tim Moon! Where would you have been if it hadn't been for me, I wanter know? Me, your wife, what slaved to make a home for you and raised your children, while you was carousin' and cavortin' about? Ain't you ashamed of yourself?"

"Yes, I was carousin' around the docks and on the old Blue Blazes; earnin' the money you frittered away in them condemned tidies," grunted Mr. Moon.

"Oh! how dare you use sech language in your own home—inflictin' it on my ears, an' settin' sech an example to the innercent children?" cried the lady, working herself rapidly into a moist and hysterical state, but sitting down heavily in a rocker the better to enjoy it.

"I ain't likely to set an example, either good or bad, to any more kids, old lady," grinned Mr. Moon. "Bob and Jenny are long off on their own hook, and have learned to fight their own battles."

"There you go, Timothy Moon!" wailed his wife. "Intermatin' that Robert and his wife and my blessed Jinny and her man are as unhappy as I be."

She sobbed. Mr. Moon smoked reflectively, sitting gingerly on the edge of the sofa and eying askance the fully decorated armchair he loved. With the starched tidies it certainly did look a chair of inquisition.

"You was a good man once, Timothy," gurgled Mrs. Moon, her avoirdupois shaking in the agony of her increasing woe like a gelatine pudding.

"I thought I was always drunk and carousin'," interposed Timothy, with sarcasm.

"Well, you was an angel in them days 'side what you've been since your Uncle Rod up and died and left you that money. You've got too lazy to breathe for yourself now —"

That fired Mr. Moon's slowly kindling wrath. We are always tenderest in the truth we deny the hardest. Timothy knew he was lazy, and he enjoyed being lazy after years of hard labor; but he was ashamed to own up to it, and the taunt always enraged him

"Lazy, am I?" he cried. "What do you do but slop around here and dress yourself in them fine clo'es I was fool enough to buy you when the legacy come?"

"And you ain't bought me nothin' since!" interjected Mrs. Moon, with a promptness that was surprising from so heavy a wit.

"No, I ain't," admitted Mr. Moon, largely; "and I ain't goin' to. All you'd like would be to get your hands on that money in the bank and go and fritter it away—on tidies and the like! That money come too hard——"

"It come too easy. If you'd kept to work like a man should, we'd never had to spend a penny of it."

"You mean, when I dropped off the hooks, you'd have a chance to spend more of it just as you pleased," growled Moon

"There won't be any of it left to spend by anybody when you die," declared the lady, smearing her face with the apron she wore. "I doubt if you'll leave enough to bury us both decently. Why you've forgotten how to earn a dollar, Timothy Moon!"

"I have, have I?" he said with a stern brow.

"Where's the quarter's rent comin' from?" she pursued. "It'll hafter come out of the bank, like everything else, of course. And you able-bodied and as well to work as ever I am, who's slavin' from mornin' till night——"

Mr. Moon rose up and cursed roundly—not the day he was born, but the day he took unto himself a wife!

"And ye say I don't know how to earn money no more, do ye?" he concluded, smiting his hat upon his head with an angry fist. "I'll show you how I can spend it, anyway, old woman! You can stay here with your condemned old tidies and truck. I'm going to get something out of life beside fighting and—and—tidies!"

He slammed out of the flat, but stopped in the lower hall to light his pipe comfortably.

"There!" he shrewdly muttered, "that'll give me excuse for stayin' down to Riley's till closin' time. The old lady can gab to the neighbors whilst I'm gone."

Such a keen and icy wind met him when he stepped out upon the wintry street, however, that he would have taken second thought about Riley's saloon had it not been for the quarrel with his wife. He grunted, buttoned the coat across his chest, bent his head to the blast, and trotted down the street at the old jog he had learned while carrying 160-pound barrels of flour on his shoulder up the gangplanks of European steamers. At least, there was a comforting drink, and perhaps good company, awaiting him at Riley's

The night proved to be an "off" one at the saloon near the docks, and there were few of his old cronies there. He learned that the old lighter on which he had worked—affectionately known as Blue Blazes because of the distinguishing stripe around its hull and its blue masts—and several other barges, would be engaged before midnight in handling the cargo of a big tramp steamship just in from Australia. The crews were to report at the foot of the neighboring dock, and most of them had already had their evening nip and gone on board.

But if he missed their company, Timothy Moon had his comforting drink, nevertheless. Indeed, he had several of them, and the liquor fired him with a desire to go down and see his old friends off to their night job and gloat over the fact that he was exempt from work.

Hot rum and the cold night air mixed with their usual effectiveness. The moon was not exactly full, but it was well on its first quarter as Tim laid his unsteady course along the almost deserted street and out upon the long dock.

There was a barge laid up against one side, but before he reached it Timothy's errant attention was attracted by a couple of lanterns and a group of three or four men on the other side of the wharf. A policeman—a very young policeman, in a uniform as fresh as his own rosy, clean shaven face—was the central figure of this group; and a rope fastened to a near-by pile held at its other end a grewsome burden trailing in the water which sobbed among the piers.

The body had been caught on the uptide, the fact reported to the precinct station, and this officer was on guard until the coroner and a wagon should come for the drowned man. It was not a pleasant assignment at any time, and particularly unpleasant one such a night, besides, this was the young policeman's first post and first round of duty. As the other more or less curious ones drifted away, the officer was glad to have even the company of the inebriated Timothy.

Liquor makes some men quarrelsome, others witless, while some become philosophical. The latter was Timothy's case, and as he stood beside the policeman under the wind-break of a watchman's shanty, he exuded sentiments unequaled by the philosophers of the most pronounced German school.

"Sure, it's comin' to all of us," he declared. "Mebbe he's better off. Perhaps he's a married man. And it was his time to go, anyway. That's my belief. You can't kill a man before his time. You shoot straight—point-blank, as it were—at a man, and the bullet goes plumb through his heart; but it ain't goin' to kill him if it ain't his time. That's right! Sure, a man can take a swim in burnin' brimstone, and it won't scotch him if his time ain't come."

The expression on the young officer's face seemed to contradict these statements of Mr. Moon's creed. Timothy grew arrogant rather than argumentative.

"It's yer ignorance that trammels yer mind," he declared, solemnly. "Has my time come? Mebbe. Who knows about that? I might walk right off of this here dock, and if they hadn't got me slated for the next world I couldn't drown. More like I'd swaller the whole of New York Bay and walk ashore dryshod. Ye're not believin'? Look a-here, now!"

Two strides, and he was at the edge of the dock. Before the startled officer could put forth a detaining hand, Timothy made a graceful mudturtle dive into the murky waters!

It was so sudden—so totally unexpected—that the officer could scarcely call up his voice for a healthy shout. But finally he yelled and ran to the edge of the dock. His cry brought men from the barge. He frantically galloped to the nearest box and brought the reserves and the patrol wagon down on the run. Oh, that young policeman had a sad time with his captain over that night's work! But they did manage to drag Timothy Moon out of the river alive. He seemed to have proved his philosophy, and that conclusively!

A week later, a battered body, evidently having been entangled in some snag at the bottom of the river, was caught off the same dock and brought ashore. The neighbors had been looking for it, so it was not hard to recognize Timothy Moon, in spite of the condition of the deceased. Mrs. Moon saw it only in the coffin after the undertaker had done his best, and her tears would have drowned the man, anyway, had the river not done its work so well.

Three weeks to the hour after Mr. Timothy Moon had left his domicile on that memorable evening, he strolled into his home and noted that his wife, dressed all in black, keeled over on the couch, screeching, at his entrance.

"My! but she must be glad to see me!" quoth Mr. Moon.

Then his glance, wandering over the familiar room, lit upon a black-and-gilt card occupying the place of honor on the center of the mantelpiece where his old T. D. was wont to lie. The motto at the top of the card read: "Gone, but Not Forgotten," and underneath were his name and a date. Below this tender requiem was beautifully printed in gilt type:

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Agent's Directory List, Indiana, Pa.

"A treasured one from us is gone;
A voice we loved is still;
A place is vacant in our home
Which no one else can fill."

"No one else wouldn't want to," grunted Mr. Moon.

He replaced the mourning card upon the shelf, dashed a little water into the face of his moaning wife, and helped her to a sitting posture on the sofa. Then he asked: "What did I die of, Mahala? Tell me all about it. It's news to me."

"Oh, Timmie!" shrieked the hysterical lady. "You've come back to me—back from a watery grave."

"Sure I'm back," said Timothy. "I'm back all right, and with the quarter's rent in me pocket—which ought to relieve your distress a whole lot. But how come I by the sweet token with the gilt type and the black edge?" Then his eyes took in the heinousness of her appearance in widow's weeds. "I'm condemned, Mahala, if you ain't got another new dress!"

"I had to, Timmie," she gurgled. "I had to show respect to your remains."

"Remains be blowed!" ejaculated the disgusted Mr. Moon. "You keep on buyin' dresses an' there won't be much remainin' of that legacy. What does this here foolishness mean?"

"You was drowned three weeks ago in the river, Timmie," sobbed the lady, "and I buried you like a gentleman should be buried."

"Who paid for it?" quickly demanded the returned husband.

"It ain't paid for yet, Timmie," admitted Mrs. Moon. "The undertaker said he'd wait till I could prove my claim at the bank."

"That's how it is, is it?" growled Timothy. "And all the time I was on the old Blue Blazes—and glad enough they was to have me back—workin' on a couple of jobs over to Hoboken. That's the sort of treatment a hard-workin' married man gets—his wife wastin' his money burying water-rats! Humph! the bank wouldn't give up my money to you, heh? That's pretty smart of 'em, I say. They wouldn't believe me dead, even when me wife covered me with two weeks' growth of flowers. I guess they've heard of Timothy Moon before!"

"But Timmie! you was drowned, warn't you?" asked his lady, hesitatingly. "A policeman said you was."

"You can't never trust these cops," grunted Timothy, with a return of his philosophy. "I believe I did jump in and swim to the Blue Blazes as she was pulling out of the dock, and they hauled me aboard. Didn't get scarcely wet. Well, it serves a man right for being married—and trustin' his wife alone. As I figger it, while I've been workin' like a slave, you've been getting a funeral outfit and buryin' another man, on tick, and I've got to pay the bill. Ugh!"

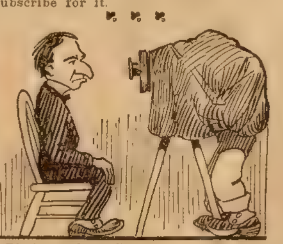
He sat down heavily in his chair, but the stiffly starched tidies were quite as uncomfortable as ever.

"I suppose we've got to begin over in spite of my demise," he grunted, stuffing the cut-plug into his pipe with a determined thumb. "What you got in the house that a resurrected party could eat, Mahala?"

Then, when his wife had lumbered into the kitchen, evidently glad to be relieved from further cross-questioning, Timothy arose, deliberately unpinned the tidies from the chair, and opening the stove door, thrust the offending ornaments in upon the brightly burning anthracite. He returned to his pipe, and lit it, sighing contentedly like a man who knows he has scored a good point.

Next week's Ledger will contain another story dealing humorously with Mr. and Mrs. Moon. It will be called "The Turtle-Dove's Voice." A series of these "Moon Stories" will appear in the Ledger. You will find them capital reading. If you are not taking the Ledger regularly, we earnestly advise you to subscribe for it.

* * *



Photographer—Can't you look pleasant, Mr. Hiker?

Mr. Hiker—No. I owe too much.

Photographer—Ah, I see. Well just rest your head on your hand then and pose as a deep thinker.

* * *

## Order of the Garter.

One of the preliminaries to the coronation of King George of England was the investiture of the Prince of Wales with the historic order of the Garter. The institution, as everybody knows, is regarded as the most coveted of all knightly orders, which only numbers forty, including fourteen reigning sovereigns.

There is considerable dispute between historians as to the origin of the order, but all agree that it was instituted by Edward III. Col. Sir Douglas Dawson, the secretary of the order, asserts that it was not the lost garter of the Countess of Salisbury that gave rise to the insignia, but that at a great feast and ball at Windsor, the Queen, departing from the King to her own apartments, he, following soon after, chanced to spy a blue garter lying on the ground, supposed to have slipped from her leg. Some of his attendants carelessly passed by it as disdaining to stoop at such a trifle, but he, knowing the owner, commanded it to be given him, at the receipt of which he said: "You make but small account of this garter, but within a few months I will cause the best of you all to reverence it alike."

Whereupon some of the nobles smiling as at an amorous action, and he, observing their sportive humor, turned it off with a reply in French, "Honi soit qui mal y pense."

Others maintain that the garter may have been intended as an emblem of the tie or union of warlike qualities to be employed in the assertion of the founder's claim to the French crown, and the motto as a retort of shame and defiance upon him who should think ill of the enterprise. It should be remembered, however, that the true translation of the motto, "Honi soit qui mal y pense," is not as usually given, "Evil to him who thinks evil," but "Dishonored be he who thinks evil of it."

The order, as originally founded by Edward III., was a military fraternity under the special patronage of St George, and St. George's chapel, Windsor, founded for it by the same king on the site of an earlier chapel, was the special chapel of the knights, who had, and still have, their stalls there, on the backs of which are fixed the wonderful series of engraved and enameled heraldic plates, bearing their arms, and one at least of which dates to the century of the foundation of the order.

Over the stalls are the helms, crests, swords and banners of the knights.

The original insignia of the order are the garter, mantle, surcoat and hood, to which latter were added the hat, collar, george and star. The garter, now of blue velvet, was formerly of blue cloth or silk embroidered with the motto in gold. The mantle, now of blue velvet, was originally also of woolen cloth, the staple manufacture of England. The surcoat was originally of woolen cloth, often emblazoned with the arms of the weaver, and the hood of the same materials; it is now conventionalized and worn on the right shoulder. Surcoat and hood are now of crimson velvet, lined with white. The hat is of black velvet with a plume of white ostrich and black heron feathers.

The collar is of gold, of twenty-six pieces in the form of knots of cord—"true lovers' knots"—alternately with combined red and white roses within buckled garters inscribed with the motto. From the collar hangs the george—an enameled badge representing the patron saint of England and of the order, mounted, and transfixing the dragon. The star was added by Charles I. It is the badge of the order, the cross of St George, encircled by the garter and surrounded by rays of silver in the form of a star of eight points.

* * *

## Value of Carrots.

One of the proofs that the donkey is not so foolish as he looks and has the name of being, is his fondness for carrots. Although carrots are among the most commonly cooked vegetables in various forms—stewed, boiled puree, soups and introduced into ragouts, braises and mirepoix—yet they are among the least digestible of vegetables; but, strange to say, notwithstanding their indigestibility, so far as regards form and substance, they are not known to cause any digestive derangement.

They are, next to the onion, the New York World observes, the most important vegetable in all soups and sauces. But though they are also used to garnish various dishes, especially salt beef, they are rarely presented at table as an entremet by themselves. The only important entrement in which they appear is called after the Flemings, who first grew them for the English in Kent.

Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes, referring to the true efficacy of carrots as a cure for wounds (a tradition which was certainly not handed down from Crecy), writes to Dr. Hunt in 1863, telling him how a man's heel, which was severely wounded at the battle of Fredericksburg, was treated by Dr. Bigelow, who did nothing but keep the wound open, and made the patient use for this purpose a little plug of carrot, which seemed to agree with him very well.

Another more modern medical authority, quoted by the Pall Mall Gazette, says that for delicate persons an excellent supper vegetable is a fair sized carrot, boiled whole so as to retain its aromatic properties, then split into quarters and warmed afresh before being served hot. It acts as a nervine sedative while being cordial and restorative. A sense of mental invigoration will follow, and the digestion of this estimable root will be readily performed without preventing sleep.

## The Tablet.

When Bill Nye was living in New York a neighbor from Shirley, Maine, where he was born, dropped in to see him.

"You know, the old house is about all that is left of the town," remarked the visitor.

"Yes, I suppose that's so," said Nye.

"They think a great deal of you there. the old house stands on the corner and they have put a tablet in front of it."

Bill was all attention. He leaned forward and inquired:

"What was on the tablet?"

"Eight miles to Readville," said the visitor.

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## Her Mad Lover.

(Continued from page nine.)

He started to his feet with an oath.

"You are crazy!" he cried. "I am not Andrew, I am Lucian!"

"Den ef you'se Marse Lucian, show me dat scar what's on yo' hade."

With a frightened look, Andrew's hand instinctively went to his brow.

"I—I am not going to pander to your mad fancies," he faltered.

A wan smile passed over Mammy's lips. "Thar ain't no scar thar! I'se done seed fo' myse'f!"

He faced her for a moment like some hunted creature at bay, then with a groan he flung himself upon the couch and buried his face in the pillows. The old darkey crept up to him, melting into pity and tenderness at the sight of his despair.

"Massa, my deah young massa, don't take on dis a way!" she pleaded. "It 'most breaks yo' ole mammy's heart fo' to see yo'!"

"I thought that you would be the last one in the world to hound me down," he half whimpered.

"Hound you down?" ejaculated Mammy. "Why, yo' ole mammy'd die befo' she'd do anything fo' to hu't you."

He sat up and stared at her breathlessly.

"You will not betray me?"

She looked at him very sorrowfully and with a touch of reproach.

"Don't you know yo' ole mammy no better dan dat. She lubs you too much fo' to hu't one ha'r ob yo' hade."

A quiver passed over his face.

"I am not worthy such love as that," he murmured. "If you knew—all"

She sighed.

"I reckon it wouldn't make no duff'ance. I'd love you jest de same," she declared.

"No one has ever loved me as you have," he said, laying his head wearily against her shoulder. "I never knew a mother's love, my father never showed me any affection, he was always severe and intolerant. My brother was never in sympathy with me; vice had no temptation for him, so he made no allowance for those weaker than himself. He won the woman on whom I had set all my hopes."

Mammy started.

"I'd done fo'got Miss Beryl," she exclaimed. She paused and then added, in a lower voice: "And you done fooled her, too?"

He lifted his head from her shoulder with a bitter laugh.

"Fooled her?" he repeated. "Not altogether. Her mind accepts me, but her heart rejects me."

"Is you gwine to marry her?" asked Mammy, in a low voice.

He arose to his feet and faced her with dogged determination.

"Yes, I am going to marry her," he replied. "All that I have done, all of which I have been guilty, had but one purpose—to have her for my own."

The old darkey sighed and shook her head. She looked weary and broken. Andrew had always been dearer to her than any other being in the world, but Lucian was her "chile" too, and she loved him. Where was he? What had happened to him? She dared not ask

She turned and walked slowly toward the door. It seemed to Andrew as he watched her, that she had grown older since she first entered the room. He pitied her, but with the pity was mingled a touch of sullen resentment.

At the door she turned and looked back at him very sorrowfully, but with the tenderness which nothing had power to destroy. But he had turned away, and she went out

No answer had been received from his telegram, and the three days that elapsed before a reply came were days of torture to Andrew. The suspense was terrible, but when the letter came, it was some minutes before he could summon up courage to open it. At length, with trembling hands, he broke the seal and read the contents with paling face. The information it contained was to the effect that the man, known as Richard Earle, had been found unconscious by the roadside one night, three months before, by Daniel Roddy, foreman in the Relief Coal Mines. Roddy brought him to his home and it was found that he had received a blow on the head. There was nothing found upon him to identify him. He was ill for quite a while and most of the time delirious. When he recovered his memory was entirely gone, he could remember nothing of the past, not even his name. The engineer went on to say that he had had an interview with the said Richard Earle, and found him to be a well-educated, intelligent man, in every way competent to fill the position for which he had applied.

"Alive!" murmured Andrew, with pale, stiff lips, and for the moment, a thrill of relief and thankfulness went through him that the black guilt of murder was not on his soul. But this feeling was soon swallowed up in fear for his own safety. As long as Lucian had no remembrance of the past, he was safe, but if his memory should return—Andrew shuddered at the thought.

"I might claim that his mind was affected, that he was laboring under a delusion," he thought, desperately, but the next moment he remembered the scar, and realized that he was helpless.

And he had nearly reached the goal for which he had struggled and sinned so desperately. In a month Beryl would become his wife. Would anything occur before that month was up to snatch her from him?

This extremely interesting story will be continued in next week's Ledger, presenting the readers with some very strange happenings. If you are not a subscriber to the Ledger, you are strongly urged to send in your subscription at once. Every family should take the Ledger, as humor and stories and pictures make life brighter and pleasanter for all, bringing health and entertainment and doing every one good. Be wise and attend to this today.

* * *

## Up to the Times.

When Colonel Roosevelt was in London, on his way back to the United States, after his African hunting trip, he went to a luncheon given in his honor by some of the literary men and journalists.

Before the guests went to luncheon they stood around smoking and talking, and the Colonel was presented to each in turn. One man there was, a large, beefy, somber leader writer on the Times. He had the fate of nations on his shoulders and looked as if he felt the responsibility.

When the Colonel was presented to the leader writer the leader writer bowed ponderously. The Colonel shook hands with him effusively, greeted him enthusiastically and then placed his hand on the leader writer's shoulder.

"Come," said Roosevelt to the leader writer, "you and I are serious men. Let us get away from these chatterers and talk of serious matters."

The leader writer bowed again ponderously.

"Tell me," said Mr. Roosevelt, his eyes twinkling, "which do you think is the better man, Jeffries or Johnson?"

That was before the fight at Reno, but the leader writer had never heard of either. He didn't know whether the Colonel meant Samuel Johnson, Ben Johnson, Lord Jeffrey, Baron Jeffreys, or whom, so he stuttered and stammered and gave it up.

A few days later he ran across a few lines in the Times, with a Reno date line, mentioning the coming combat between Johnson and Jeffries. He carefully cut the paragraph out and mailed it to Colonel Roosevelt, with this comment: "By a most extraordinary coincidence I find that the persons mentioned in this paragraph have the same names as those gentlemen concerning whom you recently inquired of me."

* * *

## Weird Excuse.

Mrs. Parkinson met Mrs. Brown at a social function the other afternoon and in the course of their talk told her this story on Mr. Parkinson:

"Don't you know, Frederick did a very peculiar thing the other night. He came home from the club rather late and, of course, I had retired. I didn't hear him go to bed, but some time during the night I heard a noise in the room. I awoke and was startled to trace the noise by sound to the floor under the bed. I was so frightened I screamed.

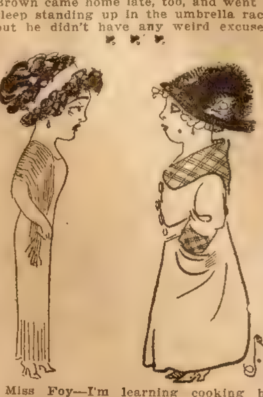
"Just then Frederick poked his head out from under the bed.

"'What on earth are you doing there?' I asked in return.

"'I must have been dreaming,' he explained, 'dreaming that I was fixing the blamed automobile.' Wasn't that funny?"

"Very," replied Mrs. Brown. "That was the night Mr. Brown and Mr. Parkison went to the theater together. Mr. Brown came home late, too, and went to sleep standing up in the umbrella rack, but he didn't have any weird excuse!"

* * *



Miss Foy—I'm learning cooking by correspondence.

Miss King—How can they tell whether you cook a thing right?

Miss Foy—Well, when I send them the cinders of the biscuits I made they write back and tell me I evidently burnt them.

* * *

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We will send you one full quart bottle of Fels 3-Star Whiskey, absolutely free, along with your first order for 8 full quart bottles of Fels 3-Star Whiskey for $5.45 and we pay the express charges. After you receive the 9 full quart bottles, open one of them, test it anyway you like and if not entirely satisfactory, you have the privilege of returning to us the remaining 8 bottles and the one extra bottle you may keep free and we will immediately return your $5.45. Or send us $2.95 for 4 full quart bottles of Fels 3-Star Whiskey, express prepaid, and we will include one test bottle free. Test the free bottle and if not absolutely satisfactory and the best whiskey you ever tasted at any price, just return to us the 4 bottles and keep the free bottle and we will refund your $2.95 without question or argument. With each order we give a free Gold Tipped Glass and Patent Corkscrew. Remember, we say we pay the express charges; look close before you permit some of the low prices of Mail Order Houses to get your order and make you pay the express charges.

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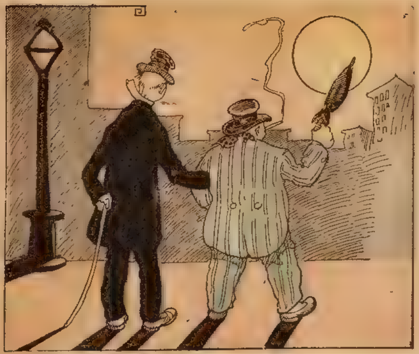


"Is that the moon or the sun?"
"I really don't know, old man! You see, I don't live here—only been in Chicago a week!"

### A Model Husband.

Wife—I saw the loveliest spreads, only two dollars and a half, and I wanted them awfully, but I knew you wished to economize, and so I didn't get them

Husband—That's too bad, my dear; you could have got them. Anything which adds to your happiness and brings gladness to your eyes, anything which lightens your domestic cares and gilds the lowering clouds, anything which borders with sweet flowers the thorny paths of duty and appeals pleasantly to your esthetic nature, making life more worth living, home a paradise, you are welcome, doubly welcome to, my angel, if it doesn't cost more than two dollars and a half.

### Getting Even.

Church Usher (confidentially) — That woman I just seated is Mrs. Stuckup. She had me sent around to the back door one day when I called at her house on a business errand. Made me transact the business through a servant, too. But I've got even with her.

Friend—You have given her one of the best pews in the church.

Usher—Wait half an hour. She's right where a stained-glass window will throw a red light on her nose.

### An Abused Wife.

Married Daughter—Oh, dear, such a time as I do have with that husband of mine! I don't have a minute's peace when he's in the house. He is always calling me to help do something or other

Mother—What does he want now?

Daughter—He wants me to traipse way upstairs just to thread a needle for him, so he can mend his clothes.

### Might Have Been Worse.

She—I am very sorry, but our engagement must cease. I can never marry.

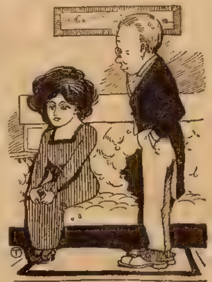
He—My gracious! What has happened?

She—My brother has disgraced us.

He—Oh, is that all? That doesn't matter. I feared maybe your father had failed.

### A Horrible Suspicion.

"Yes," had been whispered softly by the young woman in the stern of the boat. "But stay right where you are, Jack," she added, hastily; "if you try to kiss me you'll upset the boat." "How do you know?" hoarsely demanded Jack, a horrible suspicion already taking possession of him



Mr. Hite—And why will war cease when you women run the Government?

Mrs. Hite—Face powder will take the place of gun powder.

### Gone Up.

"See here, doctor," said the irate patient. "The last time you operated on me for $350; now you charge $500 for an operation that wasn't any more difficult than the first."

"I know," replied the surgeon, "but you must remember that I operated to save your life and the cost of living has gone up."

### A Light Comedian.

Mrs. McMoriarity—Phat is your son doin' now, Mrs. O'Rafferty?

Mrs. O'Rafferty—Sure he's adopted th' stage as a profession, Mrs. McMoriarity.

Mrs. McMoriarity—Dhrivin' a stage, is it?

Mrs. O'Rafferty—Be away wid y'r nonsince. It's an actor he is. He do be a light comedian

Mrs. McMoriarity—A loight comedian is it?

Mrs. O'Rafferty—Yis. He stands beyant the back curtain, wid his mouth to a hole farninst a candle, an' whin Pawnee Ike shoots at th' candle, he blows it out.

### He Looked Confused.

Mother (in her daughter's boudoir)—I like that young man exceedingly. While he was in the parlor waiting for you I happened to go in, and surprised him reading the Bible. The silly boy looked dreadfully confused, just as if true piety were something to be ashamed of. I soon set his mind at rest on that point, and he seemed quite relieved.

The Young Man (at the club)—That girl is thirty years old. I saw it in their family Bible

### Not Sure.

"See here, Rastus," said the new arrival at the hotel, "do you mean to tell me that this egg is fresh?"

"It was when hit was laid, suh," replied the waiter.

"And when was that, pray?" demanded the guest.

"Ah, dunno, boss," replied Rastus. "Dis yure is mah first season at dis yere hotel, suh."

### A Reproof.

"When I was a young man," said Mr. Cumrox, "I thought nothing of working twelve or fourteen hours a day."

"Father," replied the young man with sporty clothes. "I wish you wouldn't mention it. Those nonunion sentiments are liable to make you unpopular."

### Foiled Again.

"You are false!" he hissed. "You are the artificial product of the artificial age. Even your figure is not your own"

"Liar!" she cried triumphantly. "I paid the last installment on it this morning"

He slunk away

### Overadvertised.

Willie—Mamma, will heaven be as beautiful as they say in the Sunday School books?

Mother—Certainly, my dear. Why do you ask?

Willie—Places we go to in the summer are never as nice as the circulars.

### Man Who Accomplished Things.

"I suppose you worked eight hours a day when you were my age," said the leisurely and superior youth.

"I surely did," replied Mr. Cumrox "And the minute I got through with one eight hours' work I started right in on another."

### Had Had Experience.

Young Man (helplessly)—Doctor, is there any cure for the liquor habit?

Doctor (thoughtfully)—Y-e-s, one.

Young Man (eagerly)—What is it?

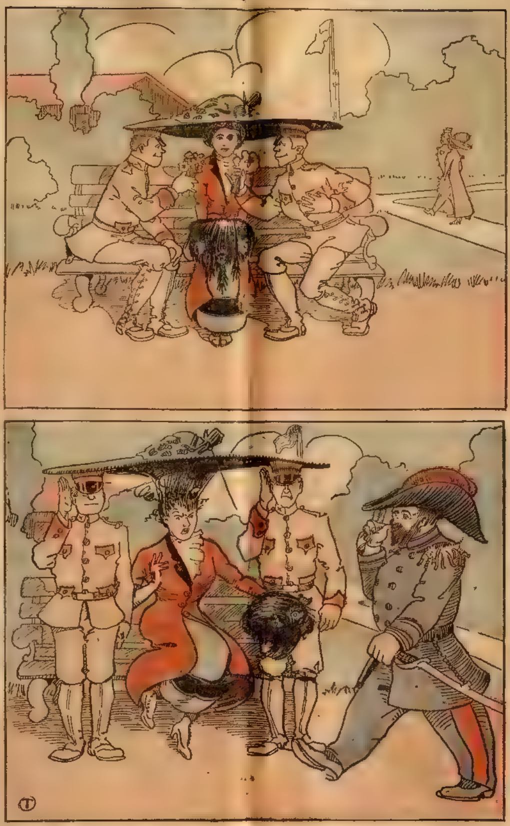
Doctor (confidentially) — Marry a woman bigger than you are.

### Mother at Her Best.

"I suppose you hate to see your daughter marry?" said the young man

"Yes, I do," admitted the father. "Her mother has made it a point to be mighty sweet tempered while this courtship was going on.

## THE MILITARY SALUTE.



# He Wanted the First Ride.

### Base Deceiver.

Professor John Dewey, of Columbia, was talking about a legislator who had turned traitor to the suffrage cause

"A man who could be so mean to woman," he said, "must be the original of the Clayton jail story.

"A convict in the Clayton jail, you know, managed to do a little flirting over the wall. He flirted for some weeks with a girl who milked the cows in a field adjoining the jail, and one evening he called to her and they struck up a conversation

"Every day after that, for a year or more, the girl came to the wall. Then the convict, getting tired of her, told her it was no use waiting for him, as he was in for life."

### Wedding Bells.

"Jedge," said the old colored citizen, "how much fer a license ter git married?"

"Want it for yourself?"

"Yes, suh; you see, I's gittin' mighty old now"

"That's evident. Then why do you want to get married?"

"Well, jedge, ter tell de truth somebody gimme a long coat, a linen collar an' a walkin' cane, en I knows a 'ooman what says she kin make a livin' fer me, en I feels des like a honeymoon!"

### Bad Shots.

A certain Yankee was touring through Devonshire, and, calling at an inn, he ordered some of the famous cider. Not finding it to be what he had expected, he inquired how it was made

"Oh," said the publican, "we stood a barrel of water at one end of a room and threw apples at it." This caused a general laugh, but the Yankee was equal to the occasion.

"Waal," he said, "I guess you didn't hit it very often."

### Getting Even.

Our friend who is taking us for a ride in his aeroplane startles us by dropping a heavy wrench so that it narrowly misses a man in the road

"Why did you do that?" we ask, seeing him chuckle over the man's fright.

"That's a country justice of the peace," he says, scooting the machine up. "He used to fine me every Sunday for fast driving in my auto."

### The Boy's Choice.

A boy went into a shop to buy a cent's worth of nuts. The man at the counter, a cheery, good-natured soul, said to him

"You can have them mixed if you like."

"All right," said the boy. "You may put one or two cocoanuts in, if you please."

### Gave Himself Away.

Mrs. Sharpeye (at a hotel)—That couple try to act as if they had been married for years, but I know they are on their wedding tour.

Mr. Sharpeye—Guess not.

Mrs. Sharpeye—Yes, they are. He gave her the tenderloin of the steak.

### Proof of It.

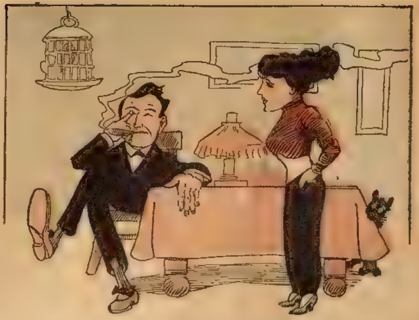
"And do you really think that so much danger can lie in a kiss as the papers say, doctor?"

"Certainly. One of my friends had a terrible experience. As the result of a single kiss he married."

### A Health Hint.

Tattered Tim—I've been trampin' four years, ma'am, an' it's all 'cause the doctors recommended walkin' as the best exercise

Mrs. Prim—Well, the doctors are right. Walk along.



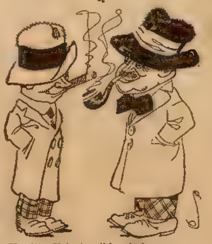
She—There's a poor man at the door, with wooden legs.
He—Tell him we don't want any today!"

### Asking Too Much.

An old negro preacher did the honors, and the candidate for baptism was a coal-black negro woman. The preacher led his victim far out in the stream where she could be thoroughly immersed, and at the auspicious moment he cried, in a loud voice:

"Be stiddy, sistah, be stiddy, an' you'll come up whitah dan snow."

"Oh, parson," she exclaimed, "dat's askin' too much; a cream color'll do!"



Hewitt—He's terribly shaky
Jewett—Yes, he is as nervous as a man with his last match.

### Not Treated Well.

Prison Visitor—You are well treated here, are you not?

Convict—No, I ain't.

"I am surprised. Tell me what you wish the prison authorities to do for your comfort."

"Lemme out."

### Knew Her Brother.

Sister—I don't think that girl you're engaged to is very pretty.

Brother—She is beautiful when she smiles.

Sister—Yes, but she won't do much smiling after she marries you.

### Restorative.

George L. Shronk, one of Atlantic City's champion life guards, was discussing his profession

"Funny things happen to us guards sometimes," said Mr. Shronk. "A funny thing happened to my friend Tim last summer.

"A society belle from Spruce street went in the water wearing one of those fashionable wigs. A big wave went over her, and when she came up the wig was floating out to sea. She turned and ran to Tim.

"'Oh, save my hair!' she yelled. 'Save my hair!'

"'Pardon me, lady!' says Tim. 'I'm a life-saver, not a hair restorer.'"

### Movable Foliage.

"You ought to plant some shrubbery around the station. The division superintendent will be through in a few days."

"That won't give me time enough to plant shrubbery," said the station master, "but I'll get some of our whiskered citizens to stand around as he passes through."

### Willing to Learn.

Pater—This is very sudden, young man. Would you take my daughter away from me without a word of warning?

Suitor—Oh, no. If there is anything you want to warn me about go ahead—I'm listening.

### Good Medicine.

"Doctor, I wish you had not prescribed rock and rye for John's influenza."

"Did it not cure him?"

"Yes; but he has had one relapse after another ever since."

### Hardly Worth While.

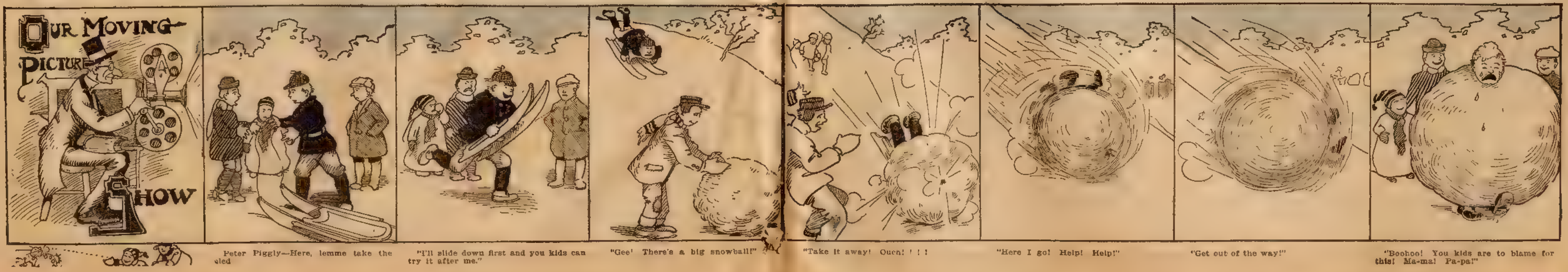
"Will you love me always?" inquired the summer girl.

"Certainly, if you wish it," replied the summer man. "But I'll only be at the beach two weeks.

### His Definition.

Tommy—Pop, what is a bigamist?

Tommy's Pop—A bigamist, my son, is a man who has more wives than brains.



Peter Piggly—Here, lemme take the sled

"I'll slide down first and you kids can try it after me."

"Gee! There's a big snowball!"

"Take it away! Ouch! ! ! !

"Here I go! Help! Help!"

"Get out of the way!"

"Boohoo! You kids are to blame for this! Ma-ma! Pa-pa!"

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# The Sky Smuggler;

## Or, The Man-Bird's Daughter

### By Stanley F. Matthews

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Begun in No. 45, Nov. 11. Subscriptions can begin with that issue, or back copies can be obtained from news stands, our agents, or by mail from the office of publication.

### CHAPTER XI

### THE ACCIDENT.

IMMEDIATELY there arose a series of varied cries, some of delight at the pluck shown by a mere slip of a girl, and others indicating expostulation, as though there were a few present who resented the idea of her taking such a terrible risk in order to gratify the curiosity of the crowd and settle the wager that had been made. In my heart I blessed those last, while I glared at the number who were cheering so lustily.

Morgan, despite the pain of his arm, smiled grimly, as though proud of his daughter's splendid grit; and at that moment I was sorry that the rowdies had not knocked him as senseless as Philpot was evidently pretending to be. Then he could not have suggested this alternative to Tressie, and had she hinted at it the rest of us might have dissuaded her, which we could not now do with her father present.

I groaned as I saw her bend down and say something to Morgan, who immediately started to work with his one good hand at the engine of the aeroplane. Good Heavens! She was in earnest then, and meant to go up! I was shivering all over with a dreadful anticipation of some coming calamity, and only wished I dared to seize upon and attempt to dissuade her: but I knew too well how useless such action would be, having seen something of her spirit.

Some one was plucking at my sleeve, and looking around I saw that it was Breen, with eagerness written large upon his face

"Come on, man! Don't you see they are about to shove the biplane on its start? We must be ready to cut loose on the minute. I hope you don't mean to show the white feather now, at the last gasp?" and I could see that he had been placing much dependence upon my word.

"Oh! I'm with you, all right old man. Lead on; but it gives me the shivers to think of that girl going up alone," I said, following at his heels.

"It does seem like a shame; but then she's done it before, though perhaps not under similar circumstances. She's a game one, though, and depend on it she will land safe and sound across the river, just as well as Morgan himself could have done. Brace up, Odell."

Possibly Breen now suspected the truth—that my heart was in the possession of the little daughter of the birdman. His words would indicate that he did, and that he hoped thus to fill my drooping heart with hope.

There is something in fellow sympathy, for to tell the truth, from that moment, I began to believe that Tressie might accomplish her perilous task, and things turn out all right in the end

We had just reached the dirigible, and Breen was giving hurried orders to several men whom he had in his employ, when I heard a tremendous shout from close by, and with my heart figuratively in my mouth, turned my head to look, knowing only too well what it portended.

The biplane was careering along the ground as usual at making a start, and having gained a certain amount of momentum it began to rise in the air. I I have seen aeroplanes go up before and since, but never with the same sensation of numbness around the region of my heart as then, for the little figure which I could just barely detect amid the supports surrounding her, I knew to be the girl I loved so devotedly.

What is the use of saying more? Any one can imagine my feelings as I saw the biplane rising steadily higher and higher in great circles, and with a terrible fear tugging at my heart that perhaps that scoundrel Fennimore might have succeeded after all in injuring the machine, so that at a certain time it would collapse.. Only by a supreme effort could I shut out the horrible sight that fancy conjured up.

Then came Breen, shouting my name, and I knew that he was waiting for me to take my assigned place in the car of the dirigible. This I hastened to do, and immediately heard his cry to "cut loose'

The sensation that accompanied our rising I shall never forget; but contrary to all expectation, it did not cause any feeling of fear—rather one of exhilaration. I kept my eyes fixed anxiously on the fluttering object above, which I knew to be the little plane with which Tressie's fortunes were cast, and which had by this time started to move off in a southerly direction, as if a proper height had been gained.

Vociferous shouts had arisen from the crowd when the dirigible started, for this was indeed a surprise, and none of them had anticipated seeing a double bill in one evening. I fancy that a few among them may have understood the true meaning of the second venture, and that it was to keep tab on the voyage of the biplane, so that the wagers might be positively decided.

As in a dream I heard all this, but without withdrawing my gaze from that object stamped against the sky

We were rising so fast that Breen called to me to hold hard, as he intended putting a stop to the ascent, since we were already far enough up to accomplish our design, which was not intended to take us at as high a level as the biplane has assumed.

There followed a hissing sound, and I knew that we were stationary, though still some hundreds of feet above the ground.

Casting one glance earthward, I found that it was impossible to distinguish the still shouting crowd, whose voices ascended to our ears; but it was easy to tell where the river lay, for its nearer shore was plainly marked.

Now we had started to move forward, following after the same course taken by the biplane, and heading across the water in a direct line.

Though the St. Lawrence River is wide at this particular point, it does not offer the same perils to an aerial traveler as the near-by lake might; and if all went well, the voyage to the American shore should consume but a limited number of minutes

If all went well! Ah! that was what worried me, for the suspicion was yet strong in my heart that Fennimore had done his work ere leaving, and presently some accident must happen to the frail craft above, bearing the object of my solicitude.

How I watched its passage, as it swept through space like a winged bird! Dimly I could see it, but as we were now making splendid progress forward there was really little possibility that it would pass from our sight. Indeed, unless my eyes deceived me, it seemed plainer than before.

"Say, what can be the matter with the bird? Doesn't it seem to be falling somewhat?" shouted Breen.

His words gave me a cold chill, for they seemed to indicate that what I had all along been fearing might have come to pass; and bending forward I tried to judge from the stars beyond whether it really could be so.

Breen was right—the biplane was not holding its own, and we seemed to be rapidly overtaking it. Moreover, it certainly seemed to be fluttering like a wounded bird, and I knew that something had gone wrong with the engine, and from indications could guess that it was only working in part.

What the inevitable result would be, it did not need a wizard to predict, for below lay the river, and presently both biplane and daring aeronaut must drop into the clutch of the watery bed beneath.

Faster dropped the plane, as though despite the clever tactics of the lone navigator, it was found impossible to

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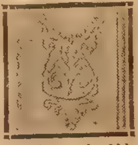

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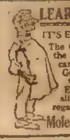

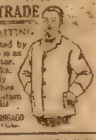

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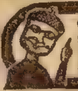

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### Overdoing It.

He (fishing for loving protestations)—My angel, I do not believe I am worthy to be your husband.

She (thoughtfully)—That's just what my mother says

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effectually retard its downward progress; and if this kept on, another minute would doubtless see it engulfed in the maw of the St. Lawrence.

I shouted to Breen—shouted like a crazy man—for it seemed to me that all I had in the wide world was held in the balance at that dreadful moment.

"Drop down, man, drop quick as you can! If she falls into the river I'm going after her, no matter how high we are!" was what I cried.

Breen heard, and he evidently comprehended how the situation stood, for immediately the big dirigible took a sudden drop, and rushed down toward the watery surface below. My companion was a good pilot, and fully conversant in regard to all that pertained to the manipulation of these giant air crafts, for he knew just how to allow our car to trail along twenty feet or so above the surface of the river.

Meanwhile I was desperately trying to pull off my coat, and follow suit with my shoes, which fortunately, at his dictation, were of the tennis type; for he had taken into consideration the chance of our being dropped into the river, should some misfortune overtake us on the way.

The biplane was circling round and round, like a descending hawk that had an arrow in its vitals, and yet persisted in keeping its wings extended—all the while swooping closer and closer to the water, until finally it struck with a splash not far in advance of us.

Indeed, we were almost immediately over the spot, and without waiting to say good-by to my companion I dived from my seat.

Striking the water, I went under; but being a good swimmer I knew how to gauge my dive so that I quickly appeared on the surface, and frantically found myself looking around for signs of the wrecked biplane.

To my horror I could see nothing of it, and despair was already tugging at my heart when something caught my arm, and turning my head, what was my joy to look into the face of Tressie Morgan—soaked she was most certainly, and with her hair streaming about her like a halo; but alive, and apparently uninjured by her tumble. She sat upon the floating framework of the flying-machine, and it was evident, that, carrying out the instructions of her father, she had cut the engine loose, so that it was now at the bottom of the river.

I had hardly calculated on this when jumping down to save her, for it began to look as though the shoe might be on the other foot; but despite this I was mighty glad to see her dear face under any circumstances, and to realize that she had escaped from a terrible fate.

Of course Breen and his dirigible had gone, as he was unable to assist us, so that we must look elsewhere for aid.

I seized upon the floating wreck of Morgan's plane, and even ventured to throw one arm around Tressie's waist, as though to make sure that she might not slip off her risky perch; but just then, to my inexpressible delight we caught the plain "chug-chug" indicating the exhaust of a motor-boat, and realized that some one on the river at the time must have seen the accident, and was hastening to our aid.

## CHAPTER XII.
### WHO WON?

Just then I felt like shouting, such was the complete change that had swept over me. I knew we were not far away from the New York side of the mighty outlet to the Great Lakes, and the fact that a launch was hastening to our assistance removed my last vestige of alarm lest Tressie pay the penalty of her daring feat.

Then the little motor-boat hove in sight, led by my shouts. I could see one person at the wheel in the bow, but paid no attention to the pilot, until, discovering that the craft had come to a stop alongside, I looked up in surprise at learning that the newcomer, leaving us temporarily to our fate, was busily employed fastening to the floating framework of the wrecked biplane a piece of rope—such a strange proceeding, when there were two forlorn figures close by, that I looked again—and then I understood.

It was Shipley!

The beggar had made his arrangement with Fennimore so that the engine must give out at a time when the aeroplane would in all probability be hovering over the river; and anticipating this tumble, although he expected it would be Morgan rather than the daughter whom he would find struggling there, he had awaited the catastrophe in his motor-boat, and with a distinct object in view as I now knew when I saw him so very eager to save the framework of the plane.

In some portion of that hollow frame the precious diamonds were stored, and this unscrupulous sharper had laid a scheme to get possession of the whole of them, doubtless caring little as to whether the aeronaut perished as a result of his planning or not.

All this flashed through my brain in that instant.

Perhaps the contemptible reptile would even go off and leave us there at the mercy of the river! I was so indignant that I could hardly find my voice to shout aloud:

"Hey, you there, Shipley, take this lady aboard, hang you! What are you thinking about, leaving her in this way? Why, they'd tar and feather you, if you ever went off and deserted her here!"

Apparently he had completed his task of securing the aeroplane, for he now turned with a grin on his battered features, and reached out for Tressie. I groaned at the sight of him holding her, even for a moment, in his arms; but her safety, after all, was the main thing, and I must not mind such a little matter as that.

When I saw that he had her over the side of the launch, I thought it might be just as well to get aboard myself, since it was not the most comfortable place in the world there in the water.

Intending to carry out this idea, I caught hold of the low gunwale of the motor-boat, and started to pull myself aboard; when to my amazement I received a stinging blow in the face from a fist, and looking up saw Shipley kneeling there, his face black with passion.

"Get back, you, into the water! This is my boat, and I'm not taking every low-bred scoundrel as a passenger. Do you hear what I say?" and he gave me a violent push to emphasize his words.

I immediately seized him, and there ensued a stubborn struggle—he endeavored to thrust me back, and on my part there was evinced a disinclination to release my grip.

Of course I was the fellow's superior when it came to muscle; but he had a tremendous advantage over me, which even my indignation could not overcome; and I suppose I should have finally been forced to drop back into the water if something not down upon the bills, according to his calculations, had not happened about that time.

My assistance did not come from Breen, for he was out of sight, and doubtless had already landed on the shore. But a pair of arms encircled Shipley's neck, and much though he may have wished this sort of thing to happen in the past, it proved rather inconvenient now, when he had all he could do to handle me, for they seemed to cut off some of his wind.

Of course it was Tressie who had come so valiantly to my assistance, doing the very thing most calculated to bring about the enemy's discomfiture; for, taking fresh courage, now that I found I had a fair ally enlisted in the cause, I again endeavored to push my way upward, until I could throw a leg over the coaming, after which the rest was easy.

I pounced on that fellow as a hungry cat might on a sparrow, and before my furious attack he went down to defeat; but because of her gentle presence, rather than on account of any desire to spare him, I refrained from battering his wretched head fiercely on the deck of the boat, as I should have much liked to have done, feeling that he deserved it, if ever a rascal did.

I sent Tressie forward to manipulate the wheel, after telling her how to start the engine by turning it over with a few movements; but then she knew about as much in connection with motors as I did, and perhaps a deal more, since she had been accustomed to handling them for some time.

What to do with the nasty customer I had on my hands annoyed me. I could not let him loose for fear he might draw a weapon and shoot me—such was the fierce way in which he was gritting his teeth as I held him fast. And then, as an inspiration came to me, and under the impression that what was sauce for the goose must also be sauce for the gander, I suddenly tossed him over the side of the boat.

The loud splashing he made when striking the water, together with his startled yell, told Tressie what I had done. As she looked upon the river, and saw Shipley striking out in frenzied fashion for land, she could but laugh, for her indignation toward him had been fully aroused by what he attempted to do to me more than by all of her own wrongs put together.

"I was afraid he might have a gun and use it, so I put him to soak. Never give him a thought, my dear; he'll reach shore all right, and disappear for good from these parts," I remarked complacently, quite satisfied with the splendid outcome.

We presently made a landing at a little dock on the New York shore, where several people came running to meet us. They had been watching for the coming of the aeroplane at the time of the accident.

I stood by that wreck until I had a chance to examine it carefully; and being experienced in such arts, it did not take me long to decide just which part of the hollow frame held the precious cargo, over the smuggling of which so many persons had shown such concern.

And my reasoning proved sound, for presently I had the whole lot safely deposited in my pocket, to be handed over to the Government. If the owners wanted to claim their property, they would have to pay the duties and stand a reasonable chance of being heavily fined for trying to carry dutiable goods across the border secretly.

I said nothing to Tressie just then about what sort of business her father was engaged in, though of course she must know it later.

When next I saw Morgan, I took him aside and told the whole story. He was still on Canadian territory, and could not be touched. The wagers had been de-

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clared off by the committee in charge, for while the aeroplane had got across the river, the full obligations were not met, and all hands agreed to call the thing a tie, so that hard feelings were avoided.

Morgan was at first disposed to show resentment; but when he recollected the part I had played in saving his daughter, the better nature of the man came to the surface, and he shook my hand vigorously with his left fist, the other being really and truly broken, congratulating me on having outwitted the combination of shrewd minds that had been back of the scheme to run the jewels into the States by the overhead route, the first smuggling job known to aeronautics.

"I had an ambition, laugh at it if you wish, Odell, to be the pioneer in that odd line, but I guess it's been a rank failure. There were too many enlisted against me. I'll have to go back to my old business again, starting revolutions down in Central America with Christmas and the rest; but it bothers me to know what to do about Tressie—" he started, when I eagerly broke in upon him by declaring:

"Then let that part of it worry you no longer. Go and start all the shindigs you want in the land of revolutions; for if Tressie says the word, and I have a pretty good belief that she will, I'm going to take care of that little girl the rest of her natural life."

Then Morgan laughed again, and insisted upon shaking my hand, declaring that he had liked me from the start, and knew he could depend upon me to be a fond husband to his little girl; which perhaps may seem like taking a good deal for granted. But then I had already told Tressie how much I loved her, and she was taking my suit under advisement, so I had reason for my confidence after all.

I found that Philpot had considered it best to depart early that morning, no doubt fearing lest Morgan learn the truth concerning the assault that had been put upon him; for the man I believed to be a bookmaker out of a job had not been injured at all, it appeared, though he pretended to have swooned. The club members were glad to have him go, for they had begun to suspect that he was a wolf in sheep's clothing, and only there to milk the innocents.

Shipley, I learned, had a small interest in the diamonds; but had conceived an audacious plan whereby he hoped to secure the whole lot. It would be believed of course, that the biplane had broken when striking the water, and that the part containing the jewels had sunk with its precious load; but several things had occurred to disarrange his cleverly arranged scheme, among others the presence of the dirigible and my leap to the rescue, as well as the fact of Tressie being in her father's place in the aeroplane.

Altogether, things worked out so comfortably for a fellow by the name of Bob—my wife says she prefers Robert any day to Chauncey—Merriles, that he has never put up the least complaint; for besides securing the diamonds, and thereby foiling the first effort to smuggle, through the use of an aeroplane, he had won a jewel that he hopes to cherish all his life, in the daughter of the man-bird, Captain Simeon Morgan.

The end.

* * *

## What They Say.

We recently had for a subject for conversation at a luncheon of intimate friends the rather uncommon theme, "What things they do say!" says Kate Sanborn, in the Christian Endeavor World.

The first was the opinion given to a customer by a country milliner in regard to a bonnet that had been brought back several times for a slight alteration, in order, if possible, to make it a little more becoming. On the last occasion Miss Out-with-it said with some asperity: "It is useless for me to make any further change. You know you have your face to contend with!"

Another told how after a noted singer, whose voice all acknowledged to be superb, had poured forth her soul in melody as if inspired, and all were hushed in silent admiration, a stranger, who felt it was time for him to lead off, remarked, "The piano is fine."

This reminded the next of a musicale where the rather inexperienced hostess was greatly disturbed by a telegram announcing the sudden illness of the principal singer.

After a deal of urging, a sweet-voiced amateur, who had been studying abroad, was induced to give a song. At the close, when all were applauding the amiable substitute, the still nervous woman came up to her, and said in a patronizing manner, "Thank you, dear, for trying to sing."

One charming young woman, who had red hair indeed, but of the sort Sir Peter Lely loved to paint, assured us that she noticed a man staring at her from the opposite car-seat; and, as she rose to get out, he followed her and said: "Excuse me, but my wife has that same colored hair as yours, and she dyes it with green tea."

Our hostess confessed she had been a trifle depressed by the frankness of an old neighbor who was visiting her. Photographs were shown of her in her younger days; and her guest, taking up one, remarked, "Yes, that is real pretty, and looks as you did when 'twas taken; but, oh, my gracious, how you have changed!"

Another told of a lady that scrutinized the thin parting on the head of a popular woman writer, and then commented in this way: "All literary women seem to have thin hair in front."

A strikingly handsome woman had recently lost her eldest son under most depressing circumstances, and the shock was so great that her hair changed to an iron gray. On her going back to her childhood's home many called to sympathize and show their affection for her. One lady said to the aunt, "I think Nellie looks just as she used to, only a little more plump," and received this reply: "Oh, but you ought to see her without her hat on." This was given as the banner speech of tactlessness.

A lady of about 45 called on an old working woman who was going on toward 80; and old Susan exclaimed as she hobbled toward Mrs. Parker: "Well, I thought you had died of old age long ago. God does move in a mysterious way."

A lady with a talent for acting in private theatricals had made a striking success as the heroine in a difficult role. She was warmly congratulated by a young gentleman, who desired to say just the right thing. The amateur actress responded that the part, to be well played, should be taken by a pretty woman. "Oh, no! You have proved just the opposite."

It is not best to allude to the brutally unkind words spoken thoughtlessly, or with a desire to be "perfectly frank" to those suffering from sorrows or illness, or perhaps nearing the "iron gate."

Let us be more careful what we do say.

* * *

## Henry's Burial Place.

Every now and then there comes the query: "Where is Patrick Henry buried?" and tourists in Richmond, Va., constantly ask to be shown his grave, with the mistaken idea that it is in that city, where much of his public career was passed, the Kansas City Star says. Few persons, comparatively, know that the man who acquired the title of "The Tongue of the Revolution" lies in a quiet grave on the estate in Charlotte County, where he formerly lived. Over him is a marble slab inscribed with the one line: "His Fame His Best Epitaph."

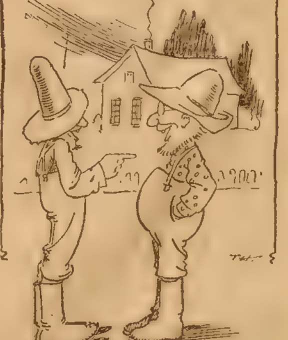
The estate lies on the Staunton River, thirty-eight miles from the town of Lynchburg, Va., near the border line which separates Charlotte and Campbell counties. It derived its name of Red Hill from the peculiar color of the soil in that vicinity. When Patrick Henry bought the place it comprised about 3,500 acres. The land is rich—there was a saying in the neighborhood that poor land and Patrick Henry could never be mentioned together—corn grows there as high as a man on horseback, there is a general air of smiling fields and general prosperity. Its situation in early times was very remote. Neighbors were few, one of the nearest being the celebrated John Randolph of Roanoke, who lived in his chosen solitude fifteen miles away.

Red Hill is now owned by Henry's grandson, William Wirt Henry, a gentleman of the "old school." He has in his possession some interesting relics of his celebrated grandfather, including the desk he always used, which still contains his letters from Lafayette, Washington, Madison and other great men of early days; the large round-backed chair in which Patrick Henry died, and a portrait of him by the elder Sully, under which hangs a yellowed slip of paper signed by Chief Justice John Marshall and several others of his friends, testifying to the faithfulness of the likeness.

* * *

No man knows what he is capable of doing until his wife assumes the role of taskmaster.

* * *



Hank—Kiley advertises that he sets a table fit for a king.

Bige—Well, I suppose there's some kings, too, that ain't very particular.

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THE HOUSEHOLD, DOLL DEPT. 8, Topeka, Kansas

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In mist enshrouded and veiled in spray,
  Bearing no store of mart or mine.

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  Many a year she's overdue;
Dreams forgotten and visions old,
Yearnings bartered away for gold,
  These are the wares she brings to you.

Spoil of the lands of long ago,
  Treasure of years when the heart was young—
Tears she bringeth and childish woe,
Wistful longing and kiss of snow,
  The hope untold and the song unsung.

You never shall hear her anchor chains,
  Nor ever the sound of her flapping sail;
Yet eyes that are weary and old and dim
Have seen her far on the ocean rim,
  Sailing across the silver trail.

* * *

# IN BLUEBERRY SEASON.

The office of the Raymond Bros., plant was insufferably hot for the first of July, and the chief accountant's desk stood in the hottest corner.

His thin fingers trembled a little and his pale face flushed as he hastened to join the trim little stenographer who waited for him beside her table.

"I'm sorry, but you will have to excuse me tonight," he said. "I—I have some work that must be finished."

"You are not fit to work—at all!" she declared with a cheerfulness that did not conceal her anxiety. "You must not work over hours this warm weather. Come home, like a good boy!"

Richard Fitzgerald clutched his self-control with grim determination. No one knew how he longed for the girl's tender solicitude. And yet something in her manner warned him that she did know and that she was puzzled and wounded by his silence.

"Oh, very well," he said quietly. "I don't feel just up to night work, for a fact."

At his own desk he put away his papers saying over and over to himself: "I've got to make her understand, poor little girl. And I'd better do it now!"

No refreshing breeze greeted them as they emerged from the great building, only the oppressive heat reflected from pavement and brick walls. As he wondered miserably how to carry out his determination, fate played into his hand.

"Why," said Alice wonderingly, "did you see that woman who just passed us? It looked like Sadie Waite."

"It is Sadie—she is working down in the silk mills," answered Fitzgerald grimly. "They have been having trouble."

"O, what?" cried the girl.

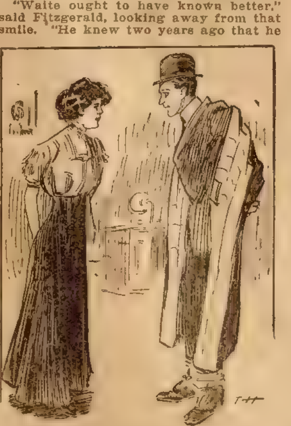
"Waite gave out about a month ago. He has worked like a machine in that office ten years, and he couldn't hold out. Now he is worrying himself to death, and Sadie is working in the mill to keep things going. The poor girl looks like a shadow."

"I'm so sorry!" Alice's voice had the sympathetic tone he loved in her. "But I am relieved, too. I thought you meant they had had—other kinds of trouble. This is bad, you know, but nothing compared to that!"

"This is bad enough, at any rate," declared the man gloomily, "and it leads to all sorts of other kinds. Do you suppose love can survive such usage as that?"

The girl smiled at him serenely.

"Waite ought to have known better," said Fitzgerald, looking away from that smile. "He knew two years ago that he was going down hill. He is like me—unable to stand the close confinement, and too old to start into anything else. He—he ought to have loved her too well to marry her!"



"I've great news to tell you."

Tears blinded Alice Kilborne. So that was the reasons he never spoke? Was he going down hill, too? She remembered the trembling of his hand during the tedious afternoon.

"O, it is time I took him in hand," she whispered with a smile.

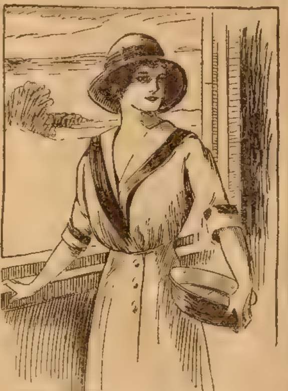
For a week Fitzgerald kept strictly away from the little stenographer. Then impelled by her reproachful sadness, he called one breathless evening.

"I have wanted you so much," said Alice, gently. "I've great news to tell you."

The man's face showed the fight he was making.

"Mr. Raymond had a talk with me the other day. He says we may both take a vacation until the first of September if—we care to!"

"Alice!" He was crushing her hands in a desperate grasp. "Don't—I cannot trust myself!"



"It's blueberries, Dickie—the woods are full of them."

"But you can trust me, Dick," she whispered with a sob.

"Not to look out for your own good." he cried. "Do you think I would not have begged you long ago to marry me, if I could have taken care of you?"

"But you will be all right if you get out in the country and have a rest."

"That I cannot afford, dear child. Alice, there is no use in talking—I will not drag you down like this. There are too many chances against us!"

"Then," said the girl, "you have put me in an exceedingly embarrassing position!"

"I do not understand," stammered the young man in bewilderment.

"Well, you see Mr. Raymond seemed to think we were—had come to an understanding, you know. And I did not deny it! He said you were too valuable a man to lose, and so he suggested that we take the vacation I mentioned, beginning Saturday. I am wondering what I shall say to him when I go back Monday morning!"

"Girl, girl!" he cried holding her close. "Do you realize what you are doing?"

Alice smiled quietly.

"But—it can't be done," said Richard after a little, all his old doubts returning.

"We can go up to grandfather's farm in the hills, Dickie."

"I won't sponge my way on your people, Alice."

"No, no, dear independent boy."

"Or—or let you use your money."

"No, indeed, I shall need it all for new linen."

"And—I simply cannot afford it, myself, Alice. I will not let you go back to the office if you marry me. And I shall want you to have a comfortable home. It will take every cent I have, child."

"Listen, Dick. Trust me just this once!"

"I should think 'this once' was about all there is of it!" said Richard, surrendering, reluctant but happy.

A week later Alice Fitzgerald surveyed the old house on the hillside with intense satisfaction. "It is just stuff that was in that old attic, and boxes, Dickie, but I love it," she said.

"And the roof doesn't leak," declared the new householder with satisfaction. "And we've wood enough in the shed for our cooking and chilly evenings for a month," he added, examining his tanned hands tenderly.

"And grandfather says the chimney is safe to use the old fireplace. And I'm too perfectly happy for words. You cannot call this 'sponging.' The old house has been empty for five years. The wood was rotting on the ground. And we are both beautifully tired getting it all ready."

"But what now, dear lady? You know I can never consent to loafing round here for six weeks. Am I to be hired out to some farmer?"

"Dick, it is the most beautiful secret! I've hardly been able to contain it. Come and see."

To the old milk-room she led him. There were crates, piles of quart baskets and some bright new tin buckets.

"It's blueberries, Dickie—the woods are full of them! Just now these pastures above us are covered with the low bushes which are just ripening, and a little later the high ones will be ready. You will find all the work you want. We will ship to Boston and New York; I arranged for

(Continued on page twenty-seven.)

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# HE OVERDID IT.

AS FLITCRAFT was hurrying across the bridge to catch the 5:08 train for home he saw Griggs just ahead of him with a black band on the sleeve of his light overcoat.

Though the two men had only a bowing acquaintance, Flitcraft knew that Griggs' wife had died recently, and a sudden realization came over him of what it must mean to a man to be deprived of long accustomed companionship. It was a thing, he reflected, which might happen at any time to any married man. He wondered vaguely, as the light overcoat with the black band disappeared in the crowd, whether Griggs had been good to his wife. Then he affirmed to himself virtuously that a man ought habitually to be good to his wife, and then, if anything should happen, there would be nothing to regret.

Just at this moment he happened to see an elderly man buying some flowers at the stand on the corner and at once his vaporous general resolve became solidified into a concrete form.

Flitcraft decided that he would take some roses home to his wife. He hadn't done such a thing during the eleven years since his marriage, but that was no reason, he assured himself, why he shouldn't do it now.

So, with some embarrassment, he selected a bunch of American beauties.

He was rather self-conscious when he got on the train and he felt relieved when he found that no one manifested any curiosity as to the contents of his tissue paper package.

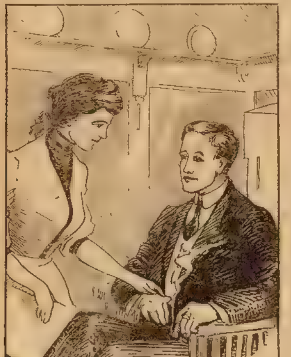
"Why, Harley Flitcraft!" exclaimed his wife as she tore off the wrappings "Where'd you get such beautiful roses?"

"Bought 'em, of course," responded Flitcraft jocularly. "Can't I buy you some flowers once in a while? No other man is buying flowers for you at present, is there?'

His wife blushed at the very thought of such a thing. Very steady in the domestic harness were both the Flitcrafts.

"Don't be ridiculous, Harley," she admonished him, as she hurried to fill a vase with water

It was evident that Mrs. Flitcraft was delighted. A close observer might have detected that she was also puzzled. But Flitcraft was not in the habit of observing his wife closely, being convinced that he had found out all there was to know about her during the first year of their married life. So, elated by his success, he rushed on to his undoing.



"Never felt better in my life."

His voluble praise of the peach shortcake at dinner, besides being unusual, appeared to his wife a work of supererogation, since he had eaten two large pieces with great relish.

A little later, to complete his wife's mystification, Flitcraft laid down the evening paper and proposed that they go to a concert.

Mrs. Flitcraft was well aware that her husband didn't know Beethoven from Tschaikowsky and was utterly indifferent to both.

"Why, Harley," she protested, "it's going to be all classical music, and I'm sure you wouldn't enjoy it."

"There's nothing I would enjoy more!" prevaricated Flitcraft.

His wife cast a penetrating glance toward the American beauties, as though to read there the secret of her lord's sudden transformation. Then she said, gently: "Harley, you don't feel well, do you?"

"Never felt better in my life," responded Harley, promptly.

His wife disregarded these words. "It must be," she insisted, "because you didn't put on your heavy underwear the first of the month."

"Why, I tell you that I feel perfectly well," reiterated Flitcraft. "I don't need heavy underwear in such weather as this."

"Then I'm afraid you haven't been careful enough about your diet," she said. "You know, the doctor said that you —"

"Haven't I told you three times," roared Flitcraft, "that I never felt better——"

"Oh, Harley, don't say that," pleaded his wife, with tears in her eyes. "Of course, I don't want you to be ill, and yet I'd rather it was that. There's only one other way to explain your queer actions. It's remorse!"

"Remorse? For what?" demanded Flitcraft.

"For having fallen in love with some other woman! You're trying to atone to me for it! And you've always been such a good husband until now!"

* * *

# The Rajah Blue.

(Continued from page five.)

still rubbing his eyes and scratching his head over those dead Hindus. He had a revolver in his hand, evidently one that he had taken from one of the dead men, and he was systematically going about the solution of the puzzle. He turned the dead men over, examined their wounds, felt about the wall for bullet holes, stood off and measured distances with his eye, then walked over and gave curious attention to the broken pane and to the two neat holes punched through two other panes of the window. I was thinking what a fool I had been to use such a heavy rifle when a little one would have done just as well at that deadly range.

"Well, I'll be jiggered!" we heard the old man say

Next he looked straight across the alley at our darkened windows, scratched his head, sniffed at the pungent air (the gas from our room was now spreading in the air outside and pouring in through the broken window)and then turned out his light.

When his windows went dark, I gently pushed Nora close to our open window and lighted a match, which I held before her in the shelter of my clasped hands so that the light fell upon her face. It flared up—waned—went out.

Across the way another match was struck. In its light the old man's face was glorified. For a moment he beamed at us, whom he could not see, then blew a kiss into the dark. His match went out.

"Quick, let's go!" said Nora.

Before I could answer a bright flash lit the alley and the crack of a pistol blasted the silence of the night. Another flash—another report. The old gentleman was shooting into the air from the window!

Nora gasped. "Why—why—he's shooting up the town! It can't be that——"

Another shot!

Nora gripped my arm. "Do you think that he can be—can be——"

Another shot — another — and yet another.

She shook my arm. "Do answer!" she pleaded.

Then I saw. "Crazy?" I whispered, with a low laugh. "Crazy fiddlesticks' He's a wise old owl, is your Daddie, dear!"

This extremely interesting story will be continued in next week's Ledger, presenting the readers with some very strange happenings. If you are not a subscriber to the Ledger, you are strongly urged to send in your subscription at once. Every family should take the Ledger, as humor and stories and pictures make life brighter and pleasanter for all, bringing health and entertainment and doing every one good. Be wise and attend to this today.

* * *

# Patience.

Patience is really the capacity for and the habit of enduring or suffering. It is shown by the serenity with which we submit to the trials and annoyances caused us by others on the one hand, and is displayed in a wider and deeper sense by the fortitude which one exhibits in all the concerns of life, in good and bad fortune. It is an unfortunate characteristic of many energetic and really high-minded men that they cannot await the issue of things; they are impatient of delay, and want to see events result to their liking at a stroke, as it were, and therefore their important efforts end in disappointment to themselves and to others. Like a squirrel in a cage, they make much movement, but no progress. On the other hand, there is occasionally brought into high relief a patient man who achieves and holds in spite of the greatest obstacles a success so splendid that his endurance and the results of it are an inspiration to the world.

* * *

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# REBELLION.

BILLY sat on the extreme edge of the last stone forming the low wall bordering the grounds about his home. There was a lowering expression upon his face. Now and then he beat his heels viciously against the stones of the wall.

Around the corner swung Mrs. Donnell. Billy and Mrs. Donnell were chums, so she beamed and called "Hello!" as a chum should. Billy looked up from under his frowning brows and made no answer.

"My goodness!" exclaimed Mrs. Donnell, pausing in surprise. "What's the matter with you this morning? Where's your laugh? And your dimple?"

Billy growled something and shifted around. Then he spoke with a great effort. "They've got——" He actually choked over the word. "They've gone and got a—a baby at our house!" He jerked his head toward what had been home to him. The expression of his face signified that his connection with the place was now completely severed.

"O—o—oh! I see," said Mrs. Donnell. She flicked the top of the wall with an absurd handkerchief and then sat down beside Billy. Her seriousness was very comforting. "No wonder you are excited."

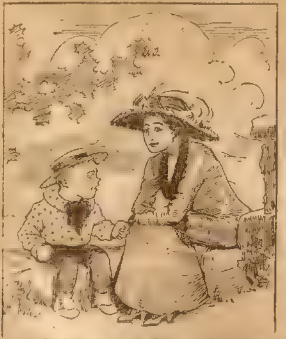
"I'm not excited," contradicted Billy, [illegible]. "I'm mad. I don't want it. What good is a baby? Nobody buttoned my shoes for me this morning!"

"Horrible!" sympathized Mrs. Donnell. She pulled one fat leg up on her lap and proceeded to remedy the defect in Billy's toilet. "Well, you see, the baby's new, and you must expect them to be dreadfully interested in it. People are that way. You've no idea how foolish they can be over a red, homely little new baby, Billy."

"Theirs is awful red," Billy declared scornfully. "And it yells. That isn't the worst, though—it's a girl!" He shot out the words in explosive contempt. "What good's a girl?"

"They certainly have piled it up on you, haven't they?" cried Mrs. Donnell. "Whatever are you going to do?"

"I'm thinkin'," announced Billy. "First I thought I'd run away. It ain't going to be any fun at home any more. All they do is look at the baby and act silly over it. I can wait an' wait for somebody to pour the cream on my peaches, an' there's nobody to do it. Mother she stays right with that baby an' father he [illegible] with it, and Mary she [illegible] around from the kitchen [illegible] and back again and says '[illegible] darlin'! Ain't it sw-w-e-et'"



"That isn't the worst though—it's a girl"

"Well, isn't it?" queried Mrs. Donnell in suspiciously shaky tones.

Billy glared at her in reproach. "Sweet!" he almost yelled. "It's just ugly and red, and I hate it!"

"Billy!"

"I do!" repeated Billy. "It can't do a thing! It doesn't know anything! When father took me in to see it this morning I showed it my new knife and it wouldn't even look at it! It would if it had been a boy! Boys have some sense! Father just laughed. And anyhow, I didn't have any use for a baby."

"I know," said Mrs. Donnell. "I'll go and buy the baby and take it away and that will rid you of it."

Wild hope sprung into Billy's eyes. Then it died out. "You don't want it," he said, disgustedly. "After you take a good look at it you wouldn't even let me give it to you!"

"Mercy!" said Mrs. Donnell. "Is it as bad as that? Well, I might take it anyway, just to oblige an old friend like you. Here comes your father—I'll see about it now!

"Good morning, Mr. Baxter! I was just talking business with your son. He says there is a superfluous baby up at the house that is in his way, and he'd like to dispose of it. If you'll sell it I'll take it off your hands. What price do you ask?"

"Um-m!" said Billy's father, frowning thoughtfully. "Now, that's kind of you. What shall we sell it for, Billy?"

"A quarter," Billy suggested tentatively.

"Oh, I think we ought to ask at least thirty cents," said his father. "But wouldn't your mother object? I think she'd feel sorry if we sold it!"

"Would she?" asked Billy in surprise.

"Yes," said his father. "It's queer, but she's just crazy about it. You and I have got to stand together and bear it! We don't want to hurt mother's feelings, do we?"

"No-o!" admitted Billy, irresolutely.

"Have you seen what funny fingers it has? They curl around one of yours, tight!"

"Do they?" asked Billy, interestedly.

"That's what they do," said his father. "Come with me and I'll show you. You can have lots of fun with it. Come on!"

"All right," said Billy, sliding down from the wall and joining his father. "I guess we won't sell it," he called back to Mrs. Donnell. "But thank you, just the same!"

* * *

# Dressing Willie.

It was necessary for the small boy to be dressed. His mother was temporarily engaged with company, and his father, brave and undaunted, offered himself as a sacrifice. He never had done such a thing before, but he thought he knew how.

"I will dress you Willie," he said with a sweet smile. "Have no fear. Papa is on the job."

He picked up a garment with two large holes in the middle and white buttons placed at irregular intervals around the heavens, like a star map.

"This goes on first," he said with a lofty air of confidence.

"No, it doesn't," said Willie. Even he knew better than that.

"Ah, yes," observed papa, picking up another garment that he immediately recognized as a shirt. "Slip this on, Willie. And these," he continued, "are your drawers. Let's see. Here, put your feet in these holes."

Willie did and papa started to button the first piece, which seemed to be a sort of corset, to the lower garment.

"Curses on the luck!" he exclaimed, as he discovered that it was wrong side on. "Why didn't you tell me, Willie?"

"I never know, myself, papa; honest I don't," said Willie.

Willie's papa held up a new garment that he had just discovered.

"What's this?"

"That's my shield. And, Oh, papa, where are my stockings?"

"Why not slip them on last?"

Papa picked up the garments in question and discovered that there were long garters attached to them, that apparently wound around Willie's neck and were then guyed to some of the buttons on the side. There was no trouble about buttons. They were everywhere.

"Take off all your clothes!" he roared. "Don't you see that these garters must go first? You're a nice specimen of a boy!"

He snatched off the clothes. Then he got the pieces together like a picture puzzle.

"Be calm," he muttred to himself, "and all will yet be well."

"Put this shirt on," said papa sternly.

It was done.

"Now this waist-band."

It was done.

"Now this waist, these drawers. Wait until I button on these garters. Here we are, little man, almost ready."

Papa was beginning to smile with joy.

"Takes us to get dressed, eh? Now your waist. Yes, here is the bottom. This goes over this. No, this goes over this. No—hang it!—this goes under this. Never mind. Mamma will never know. Now for his little trousers. Ha! We are getting there."

At this moment mamma appeared.

"Oh, John, dear!"

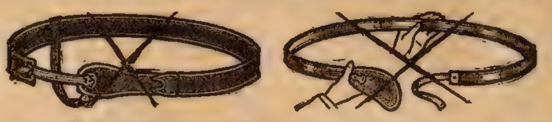
Papa turns to her with a smile of triumph.

"Well, well, isn't this all right? Look! I have actually dressed him!"

"Oh, John, dear!"

"What is it, what is it?"

"Don't you see that you have left off his health band?"



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# BOY'S AND GIRL'S CORNER

# TOM OF STONY POINT;

## *Or, Fighting With Mad Anthony*

### By CAPTAIN JACK JUDSON

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Begun in No. 48, Dec. 2. Subscriptions can begin with that issue, or back copies can be obtained from news stands, our agents, or by mail from the office of publication.

### CHAPTER IV.

### OLD FLOOK'S DAUGHTER.

TOM HEWLETT'S resolve to get into Stony Point, despite the danger that menaced, showed the boy's courage. He was aware of the sharp eyes that were already watching him, but this did not dampen his ardor.

When he parted from his friend Ned, after having witnessed the meeting of the Loyal League headed by Reuben Dickey, he returned to his home, but it was not to sleep. If Reuben carried out his intentions and visited the British fort to be there on the night which Tom had set for his entrance, there was the gravest danger ahead. Reuben would not hesitate to denounce him, and Tom knew that he would be instantly hanged by the orders of Colonel Johnson, the commandant.

At first he thought of seeking the American camp, which was not far distant, and explaining the situation to General Wayne, but he soon put this idea aside and hit upon another plan to render his mission successful.

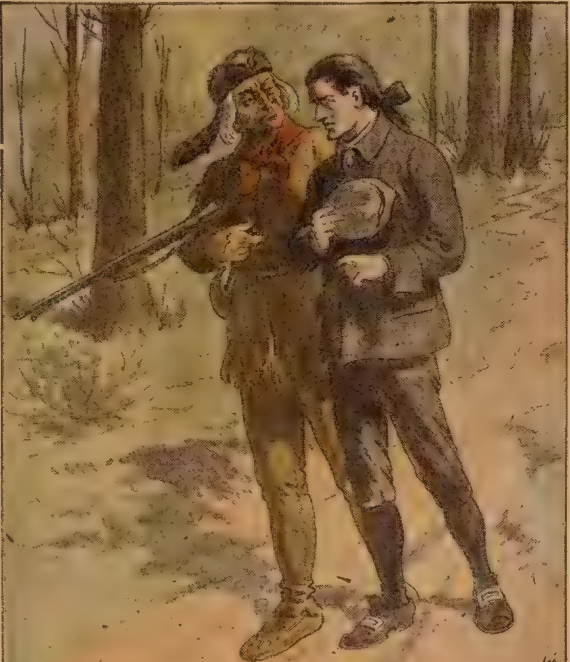
If only Reuben was out of the way!

Tom recalled that old Archie, the coon-hunter, had promised to make a few observations and report before he set out for the fort. Archie's cabin was not far off, and the young patroit resolved to seek it before day and acquaint him with what he and Ned had discovered. He slipped from the house and took the by-road which led to the old man's abode.

For a long time, or ever since the opening of the war between the Colonies and the mother country, a bitter feud had existed between the Tories and Rebels in that locality, and some blood had been shed.

The Tories had been under the protection of the fort, and whenever pressed, they would take refuge there. Colonel Johnson had suggested the organization of the Loyal League, and had offered to supply Reuben and his companions with arms. Tom knew all this, and he and his friends had on several occasions given the Tories a good deal of trouble.

When he reached old Archie's hut, he found it as quiet as the grave. No sign of life was visible about it, and believing that the coon hunter was asleep, he stole forward and stopped at the door.



"I've been looking for you."

He waited awhile and then knocked. There was no response and at last he lifted the latch and entered.

For some moments he stood on the threshold looking through the semi-darkness which prevailed. All at once he caught sight of a figure stretched on a cot in one corner, and the next moment was bending over old Archie.

"I'm here!" cried Tom, seizing the old man's sleeve and jerking it slightly. "Wake up, Archie. There's mischief afoot!"

There was no response to his words, and Tom recoiled with his blood suddenly cold in his veins.

"They've been here, the minions!" he exclaimed. "They've done for old Archie, but they shall pay for it."

He bent forward again, and uttered a cry of joy as he saw a bit of life in the old man's eyes.

"Is—it—you—Tom?"

"Yes, yes!" cried the young Rebel. "What has happened, Archie?"

The old man was sitting on the side of his cot, staring at the white-faced boy whose heart was beating like wild in his bosom.

"I remember now," grinned Archie, rubbing his eyes. "I was just about to enter my house when I was pounced upon and dragged into the wood. They fell upon me like tigers, boy, didn't give me a chance for my life. I was taken away and stood under a tree. They put a rope around my neck and then everything suddenly became dark."

"They tried to hang you, did they?" flashed Tom indignantly.

"That's just what they did, lad."

"Who were they, Archie?"

"They wore masks, the rascals did. I couldn't see their faces, but for all that I recognized several voices."

"That's good."

"Yes," smiled the old man. "I know that Caleb Post had a hand in the bit o' business. I also know that Aaron Kizer was present, for the hand that set the rope about my neck had no thumb."

"That's Aaron!" cried Tom.

Archie nodded.

"I don't know why they cut me down," pursued the old man. "Probably they thought I was entirely done for, but I'm worth a dozen dead men yet."

Thereupon Tom told the old coon hunter what he had discovered and Archie said in low, eager tones:

"It won't do to have Master Dickey in the fort when you get there, Tom. He might recognize you, and then the jig would be up."

"That's true, Archie."

"Let me see. When did you think of starting?"

"Tomorrow afternoon."

"That will give us time for action," was the reply. "We must get Reuben out of the way."

"But how?"

"I must think a little. That noose nearly knocked all the senses out o' my head. Yes, Reuben must not go to the fort till after you've been there."

"I see that, Archie, but——"

"I have it!" cried the old man, springing to his feet. "I've got my thinking cap on again. Now, Tom, leave it all to me."

"But I would help you, Archie."

"No," answered the coon hunter with deliberation. "You don't want to appear in the little game I'm going to play."

"But Reuben may be hard to trap."

"I've caught the sharpest foxes that ever ran the woods," was the retort. "I'll report at noon tomorrow, Tom."

"Not at the house," said Tom, guardedly. "Meet me in the woods at the blasted oak near the foot-bridge."

"I'll be tnere."

"Good night, then," said Tom, and was about to withdraw when old Archie broke into a laugh.

"I can't help thinking of your adventure at the Red Horse Inn," he exclaimed. "You got out of the muddle in a clever manner. I wish, though, you had left the marks of your cudgel on Tetton Ford's head."

"I too, wish the same," smiled Tom, "but the time may come when I will have the pleasure of doing so."

"And there's the dog, too," Archie went on. "While he lives there will be no rest for our people. Meg has trained him to know a Rebel on sight, and many's the trousers he's torn for our folk"

Tom grinned.

"Ive got Tiger down on my black list," he laughed. "When I get through with the business now on hand I will pay my respects to him."

With this Tom opened the door of Archie's cabin and stepped out into the early dawn.

Streaks of light were falling around, for the long night had passed and another day was come. Birds sang in the trees, and a stray fox whisked across Tom's path as he went deeper into the wood, hoping by avoiding the beaten paths to reach home unseen.

He was emerging from a bit of timber, and had come in sight of a house occupying a gentle rise, when he heard his named called. He stopped at once and looked around. Not far away stood a young girl swinging a milk pail at her side.

"You're an early bird, Tom!" she continued, coming forward with the fresh breeze playing with her nut-brown

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ocks. "I don't see you in these parts any more."

Dicie Flook was the only child of one of the most uncompromising Tories in the Colonies. She was a beautiful girl of seventeen, and was considered the belle of the neighborhood. Her father had declared that she should marry a Tory like himself, and had furthermore given out that he would drive her from home if she even smiled upon one whose blood was tainted with liberty.

Tom waited for Dicie to come up, and when she paused before him, with her sparkling eyes and flowing tresses, he inwardly confessed that she was strikingly handsome.

"No," said he, in answer to her last observation, "I haven't got over here very often."

"I thought so," answered the Tory's daughter. "I half expect the war has had something to do with your absence."

Tom might have confessed that such was indeed the case, for he was in a Tory neighborhood where his patriotic sentiments would have been at all times below par, but he kept his tongue.

Dicie sat down on a near-by stump and lifted her glowing eyes to the boy's face. "I suppose you've seen the soldiers, Tom?" she queried.

"If you mean the Continentals——"

"I mean the Rebels!" put in Dicie, archly. "They have a very large camp, I'm told."

"It's quite an encampment," answered Tom.

"So father says! They say that General Wayne intends to storm Stony Point. I don't believe that. It can't be taken by a lot of ragged Rebels like those he commands."

"I don't know General Wayne's plans," said Tom, not replying directly to the girl's words. "You're out early, aren't you?"

"I'm always up with the first birds," was the laughing rejoinder. "What, are you going, Master Hewlett?"

"Yes, if you please."

Tom moved away, but that moment the Tory's daughter sprang up and darted toward him. "I don't want to see you get into trouble," she cried, pausing in front of him, after a hasty look around. "I know you're Rebel, while I am not. I am for the King; that is, they think I am, but never mind just what I am."

Her hand had fallen upon Tom's sleeve, and she was looking into his face with eyes filled with the deepest solicitude. "You're in danger, Tom," she went on. "They would almost tie me up to a whipping-post for saying this."

"Then don't say it," answered Tom, shrugging his shoulders. "If I am in danger, I'll find it out soon enough."

"But I don't want you to find it out when it is too late. I overheard their plans."

"Who's plans?"

"Your foes."

Tom's cheeks flushed.

"Why, are they after me?" he demanded. "Tell me if you dare, Mistress Flook."

His manner was displeasing to the girl. She drew off, and her eyes flashed.

"I won't!" she cried. "I'll keep my secret. Find out for yourself, Tom Hewlett. There!" and she turned on her heel and left Tom dazed and chagrined under the big tree by the forest path.

### CHAPTER V.

### THE MILK BATH.

Mad Anthony's young spy watched Dicie for a few moments, and then with a perplexed smile on his face turned homeward.

"I'm getting warnings from all sides," said he to himself. "I should hardly think Dicie would warn me to keep away from danger, since she knows my sentiments, while she is a red-hot little Tory. Perhaps I was a little too harsh with my last words, and Dicie is high-strung. Well, it's passed now, and I will never know what she might have said."

He whistled to make his thoughts lighter, and soon forgot the pretty milkmaid whom he had encountered.

Meantime Dicie found the cows in a meadow and set about her morning task. She was in the midst of it when she heard a footstep beside her, and when she looked up she beheld the face of Reuben Dickey.

"Good morning, Mistress Dicie," said the young Tory, as he touched his cap. "You are up with the lark, I see."

"And why shouldn't I be?" returned the girl, with an archness that drove a little blood from Reuben's face.

"I've no objection, I'm sure," replied Reuben, assuming Dicie's demeanor. "I'm an early riser myself."

The girl returned to her milking without reply, and Reuben bit his lip.

"You don't often see Tom Hewlett in these parts?" he resumed, a moment later.

The girl paused and eyed the speaker for a full minute.

"What is that to you, Master Dickey?" she exclaimed.

"Nothing much. I happened to see him a moment ago, and——"

"Spying around as usual, I suppose," and there was sarcasm in the girl's voice.

Reuben flushed. "I would like to know," said he, "who has a better right to spy round than a Loyalist. Tom Hewlett is a Rebel——"

"You are not letting me into a secret," interrupted Dicie. "I know Tom Hewlett's sentiments."

The milk pail was now full and Dicie picked it up as she rose to her feet.

"Just one moment!" cried Reuben, as she was moving off.

Old Flook's daughter stopped and turned upon him.

"I've long been wanting to say something to you, Dicie," Reuben went on.

"Do you think this is the proper place to say it?" and a smile wreathed her face.

"There is no better place," was the reply. "I have long loved you, Dicie, and now I would like to know if——"

"Come, come!" exclaimed the girl, with a merry laugh which tingled Reuben's cheeks. "I must get back to the house."

"Not until you've heard me through," cried Reuben, and the next moment his hand was on her arm. "We are loyal to the King, and there's not a drop of Rebel blood in our veins."

"No?"

"If I thought there was a drop in mine I'd let it out."

"You need not tell me this," said the girl. "I think I know you, Master Dickey."

"Now, Dicie——"

"I will not listen," broke in the bright-eyed lass.

The face of the Tory youth expressed growing ire.

"You shall!" he exclaimed. "I shall hold you till I've expressed myself."

"Beware! Love-making under certain circumstances is not pleasant to the maker," she answered, backing off.

Reuben followed with his hand still on her arm.

"By my soul! I believe you're half Rebel!" he cried hotly. "You have just met Tom Hewlett——"

"And I'll meet him again if I care to!" was the interruption. "What is that to you?"

"He's Rebel to the core. He has lately

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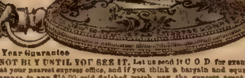

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been to the Rebel camp and has seen General Wayne."

"That's his business; not mine."

"I'll make it mine!" cried Reuben. "We are going to put an end to rebellion in this Colony."

"And you propose to begin with Master Hewlett? Take care, Reuben, that you don't find your match in Master Tom."

"Match or no match," blurted the young Tory. "We're strong enough to crush anything in our path."

"I suppose you think the Loyal League invincible," said Dicie looking him squarely in the face. "If you are so loyal to King George, why don't you join the troops at the fort?"

"Because I can serve his majesty better outside," Reuben answered.

"Very well. You will oblige me, Master Dickey, if you release me and let me take the milk in." She gave a little jerk with her last word and stood free.

"You shall not escape me," flashed the youth, springing after her. "I'm not going to let you get away without your answer. What would your father say if he knew that you have been hobnobbing with a young Rebel like Tom Hewlett?"

"Just as though I must account to my father for everything I do!" cried the girl proudly. "I will not listen to you, sir." Once more she backed away, and her action roused her suitor to frenzy.

All at once Dicie raised the milk pail above her head, and the next moment Reuben Dickey received the contents full in his face. He presented a ludicrous spectacle, with the warm fluid deluging him from head to foot; and while Dicie's victorious laugh rang out, he stamped the ground in his rage and muttered all sorts of vengeance.

"I've heard that you are fond of milk, Master Dickey," he heard her say. "I don't often waste it in that manner, but you're welcome to it this morning." With this she turned about and tripped laughingly down the meadow path.

As for Reuben, he could hardly contain himself. His anger was uncontrollable, and his eyes shot fiery looks at the vanishing figure of the Tory's daughter.

"It won't do to be seen in this plight," he said through his teeth. "I'll have to seek the sun and dry my clothes."

By this time a bend in the path had hidden the milkmaid from his gaze, and after once more looking at his drenched garments, Reuben bolted off. The sun was clipping the nearest hill, and he hastened to the summit, where he found a stump upon which he stood to get the full benefit of the warmth.

All at once he perceived a man slouching through a bit of tall grass not far away. Reuben fell to watching this man with interest, and at last, finding that he was approaching, he got down from his perch, in the hope that he had not been discovered. In this he was speedily deceived, for the man came straight on until Reuben stood face to face with old Archie, the coon hunter. Their eyes soon met.

Archie was armed with his deadly, long-barreled rifle, which rested in the hollow of his arm, and Reuben looked at him in silence.

"Howdy, Master Dickey!" cried the old man, with a grin, as he surveyed Reuben from head to foot. "Seems to me you've been taking an early bath and in your clothes, too!"

Reuben flushed indignantly at this, but deigned no reply.

"By heavens! It seems to be milk," old Archie went on, the grin broadening on his sallow face. "You don't take milk baths, do you, Master Reuben?"

Reuben bit his lip until the blood almost came.

"I take what I please, sir," he retorted with a snap.

"So?" laughed the coon hunter. "I'm glad I found you. I want to see you at my cabin."

"At your cabin?" echoed the boy, with a recoil. "I don't care to go thither."

"But you shall," and there was a threat in the old man's tone. "I guess I am master here."

"But——"

"Come, there's no refusing to go," interjected Archie. "I've been looking for you."

"And why for me?" queried Reuben.

"Because I have important business with you," was the answer. "You can dry your clothes at the cabin. But I'd like to know how you got milk-soaked."

"It's my affair and mine alone," growled Reuben.

"Didn't the girl do it? I caught a glimpse of Mistress Flook down yonder, and she was laughing at something that tickled her."

The frown that settled on Reuben's face was as dark as a thunder cloud.

"Come along," pursued old Archie. "My cabin isn't far off, and I know a way of getting there without being seen."

Reuben saw there was no way getting rid of the old coon hunter, and making the best of a bad situation, he fell in beside Archie, and the two tramped away. Not a word was spoken until the cabin was reached and Reuben found himself beyond the threshold.

Archie Black closed the door and put up the iron bar which secured it.

"Here we are," he said, turning suddenly upon Reuben. "You can make yourself at home."

"What?" cried the boy Tory. "I don't intend to remain here, so tell me why I have been brought hither."

"I want good company," laughed old Archie, taking a three-legged stool and resting the stock of his rifle on the puncheon floor. "It isn't often I get a chance to entertain such a distinguished person as the head of the Loyal League."

"But you said you had business with me."

"So I have," was the reply. "It's not the King's business, Master Reuben. You will keep me company for some time, though I may not be here all the time to do the honors of the house."

"What? Do you mean to say that I am to be held a prisoner?" and Reuben was on his feet quivering with rage before the old man.

"You've hit the bull's eye at first shot!" grinned old Archie, with a twinkle in the depths of his penetrating little eyes.

"But I won't remain!" cried Reuben. "Open your door and let me out."

"Not yet. You will remain here at my pleasure, Master Dickey. If you attempt to escape, the King o' England will lose one of his most faithful subjects," and in the light that filled old Archie's eyes the heart of Reuben Dickey seemed to sink to the depths of despair.

## CHAPTER VI.

### TOM MOVES TOWARD DANGER.

The cabin occupied by the coon hunter was just the place to hold his unwilling prisoner. It was situated in a lonely place where no one ever visited, for old Archie invited no companionship, and therefore was never disturbed. He lived alone like a hermit, and kept several large dogs which obeyed even his smallest commands. Should Reuben's absence excite remark, the scene of his imprisonment was the very last place where his friends would look for him. No one would dream that he had fallen into the hands of Archie Black, and the old man was an excellent keeper of secrets.

When Reuben found himself alone in the almost unfurnished cabin, he gave way to despair. The little window which let in the light was too small to admit of egress, and he soon discovered that old Archie, upon leaving had secured the door on the outside.

In a short time his feelings were those of a captive lion. He paced the rough floor with the mien of a wild beast, all the time pouring anathemas upon the head of his captor. He could not contrive why he had been seized by the old hunter, but he finally imagined that it was because he was an adherent of the King. He did not go deeper into the affair and get at the true gist of it. In short, he did not associate his ill luck with Tom Hewlett, although he knew that Tom and old Archie were friends in the same cause.

Archie's cage seemed able to hold the bird it had caught. Reuben stood for a long time at the window in hopes that he might be able to hail some passer-by to whom he could appeal for help, but the hours waned and no one came in sight. Outside the cabin two of the fiercest hounds belonging to Archie lolled on the grass, now and then casting sharp looks at the face at the window, as if to warn its owner that he had best remain where he was.

"This is infamous!" cried Reuben, clinching his hands. "When I get out of here I'll see that Archie Black hunts coons no more. The old rascal has something in view, though for the life of me I can't tell what it is. I promised the boys to go to the fort, but here I am shut up in this vile place, guarded by two dogs as ferocious as their master."

In vain did he beat the bars of his cage. He tugged at the door, all the time breathing hatred for old Archie, but at last he went back and threw himself exhausted upon the cot in one corner.

Meanwhile Tom was waiting for old Archie's report. He had repaired to the

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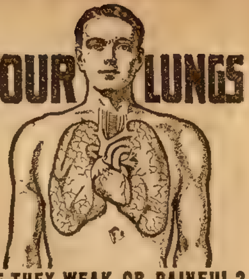

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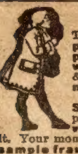

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place of rendezvous, a secluded spot well known to the coon hunter, and was waiting for his appearance. He knew that old Archie was a man of his word and that he would not fail him.

At last he caught sight of the gaunt form of the old man zigzagging among the trees, and presently he came up with a smile on his weather-beaten face.

"I report in person, Tom," he said, touching his coonskin cap after the manner of a military salute. "I guess I'm on time."

"Prompt to the minute," Tom answered, and then waited for the old man to continue.

"Things have gee'd all right," Archie went on. "You can go to the fort, my boy."

"That's good. The coast is clear, you think?"

"As clear as I can make it," with another smile.

"No fear of meeting Reuben at the fort?"

"None that I can see."

"Where is he?"

"Where the dogs will more than bark at him if he gets smart," said Archie with an air of mystery.

Tom but half understood. He imagined that for the present, at least, Reuben was incapable of doing harm, yet he did not care to press old Archie too closely, for he knew his reputation for secretiveness.

"I'm glad to hear you speak as you do," Tom went on. "I think I can get into the fort if my plans work all right."

"Keep your eyes open," advised Archie. "Them redcoats are suspicious, and if they suspect you there's liable to be a little Rebel missing in these parts."

"I know that, Archie, and that will make me doubly cautious."

Suddenly the old man broke into a loud guffaw.

"I never saw a fellow just like that!" he almost roared in the course of his merriment, which he did not seem to check.

"Whom do you mean?"

"Why, Master Dickey, of couse."

"What did he look like?"

"Why, one would think a cow had kicked a bucket of milk all over him!" chuckled Archie. "He was milk from head to foot. I'd like to know how it happened."

"I can't imagine," said Tom.

"It was in his hair and still dripping from his clothes, though he had been standing in the sun for some time. I've a sneaking notion that Mistress Dicie could reveal something if she chose to."

"Why Dicie?" asked the youth, remembering his own interview with the Tory's pretty daughter.

"Because I caught a glimpse of her in the neighborhood. She couldn't have been far off from the spot where I ran across Reuben, and the family herd is kept in the meadow."

After a few more words old Archie said he would have to go, and bidding Tom good-by, with an injunction to keep his eyes on the alert, he shouldered his rifle and set out through the woods.

Left to himself, Tom prepared for the hazardous expedition upon which he was engaged. He had kept his secret so well that his mother had no inkling of it, and therefore did not question him when he told her that he might be absent a night and a day. She imagined that he would remain that long in the American camp watching the evolutions of the soldiers, for Tom was deeply interested in the success of the patriots, and held a high opinion of Mad Anthony.

The afternoon was advancing toward dusk when Alice Hope was startled by a rap at the door, and upon opening it she beheld a boy with a basket of fresh summer apples on his arm.

"Apples miss?" queried the youth.

"None, thank you," responded Alice. "We have some of our own."

"But mine are as red as your cheeks," said the lad, and Alice blushed prettily at the compliment.

"I'd buy if we needed any fruit," she answered.

The boy put his hand in the basket and selected one of the largest of the reds, which he handed to the girl with a profound bow.

Alice took it and thanked him.

"Do you think I could sell any to the redcoats at the fort?" he quizzed.

"I really don't know. They've got the King's money to pay for them, I'm sure."

"Well, I'm going to try."

"But it's a long walk."

"I know, but perhaps some teamster will give me a lift.'

"That is true. You are liable to find people on the road who are willing to help you."

All at once the boy's face changed.

"I guess my disguise will do." he exclaimed. "If you don't know Tom Hewlett, Mistress Alice, he'll be safe among the redcoats."

"What? You Tom Hewlett?" she exclaimed. "Why, your own mother wouldn't know you."

"And the eyes of a mother are pretty sharp ones, too," the unmasked Tom cried, as he laughed again.

He was almost dragged into the house by the astonished girl, but he persisted that he must be on his way, and after a short talk he took his departure.

Fourteen miles stretched between Sandy Beach and Stony Point. At one place floated the flag of the Colonies, and over the other the bold flag of King George.

Tom went merrily down the road whistling a tune common in those days, but all the time keeping a sharp watch. Presently he heard a noise of wheels behind him, and drawing to one side, he saw a wagon approaching.

"It's Michael Timmens," said Tom to himself, "and he's Tory to the backbone, but I'll chance it to ask him for a lift."

As the wagon laden with grist for the mill came up, Tom lifted his basket and asked for a ride. The sour-faced old Tory gazed at him a moment and told him to clamber up. This Tom agilely did, depositing his apples on some well-filled sacks and coolly taking a seat beside the farmer.

Timmens eyed him closely. "Where be you going?" he asked.

"I'm going to supply the King's men at the fort with some of the best apples they ever toothed," answered Tom, carelessly.

"Think you they'll let you in?"

"Oh, I'll try them. I am going to give the six best apples to Colonel Johnson himself, and for the rest I'll get some of the King's money."

Just then a boy who had emerged from the wood alongside the road ran behind the wagon and began to clamber on. Tom's face went pale for a second, for the newcomer was Abel Chalk, a member of Reuben's Loyal League.

"Git down!" vociferated Timmens. "Do you think I'm running a stage?"

Abel made no move to vacate his place.

"I don't see why you let one boy ride and refuse another," he said appealingly.

"That's my business," grunted Timmens.

"Apples!" cried Abel, espying Tom's basket. "I'll take one for I'm apple hungry."

Tom did not care for Abel's company just then for discovery might result from it, so he leaned back and jerked Abel's arm away.

"Have a care there!" shouted Abel, flashing a fierce look upon Mad Anthony's young spy. "I'm not used to being crossed."

"And I'm not accustomed to have my apples stolen by a young thief," retorted Tom, resentfully.

"What's that?" cried Abel.

"You heard me. Don't try that again. Those apples are for better mouths than yours."

Certain that he could master Tom, Abel reached again for an apple, when Tom left the seat and came hotly across the sacks of grist.

The two boys clinched like young gladiators, and old Timmens enjoyed the scene.

At length Tom obtained the mastery by a well-directed blow in Abel's face, and before the young Tory could recover, he had been tumbled out of the wagon.

"That was good!" ejaculated Timmens with a chuckle. "You'd make a fine redcoat, boy!" and Tom rejoined the farmer on the seat, happy in the thought that he had disposed of one enemy.

(Continued next week.)

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# THE FAIRY CORNER

## THE PIG.

Once there was a cobbler who lived in a little village, and he was so kind and obliging that he always took the squeaks out of people's shoes for nothing. When the people would offer to pay him for doing it he would say, "Not at all, my dear friends—you keep the shoes and I'll keep the squeak, and then we'll be even." The people would laugh at his pleasantry and put the shoes under their arms and go home well pleased.

Now, the cobbler gained such a reputation for goodness and amiability that the people would come from miles around to have the squeaks taken out of their shoes, and he was much beloved throughout the whole countryside, so that there was great grief and consternation when the people heard that he had been arrested for stealing the Lord Mayor's favorite pig.

The Lord Mayor, you see, had a collection of pigs, and he was fond and proud of them and was greatly grieved when one of their number disappeared. He called his trusty henchmen together and sent them to search the village to see if they could find any trace of the lost darling. So the henchmen went into all the houses and looked under the beds and in the cupboards and through bandboxes and into trunks and up in the attics and down in the cellars and in the gardens, but they could not find a single trace of that pig. At last they came to the good cobbler's house.

"It's no use looking here," said one of them. "The cobbler's much too good and nice a man to steal pigs."

"Our orders are to search every house," replied another. "I think we'd better just look through."

So they went in and said to the cobbler politely: "You don't happen to have such a thing as a lost pig in your house, do you?"

"No," replied the cobbler pleasantly, "he isn't here."

"But perhaps," said one of the henchmen uncomfortably, "he may have run in while you weren't looking. Do you mind if we come in and see if we can find him?"

"Certainly not," said the cobbler; "go right in and look for yourselves," and he went on mending his shoes cheerfully.

They went up into the attic and they looked all through the attic, but there was no pig there. Then they searched the spare room, and there was no pig there. Then they came to the cobbler's own bedroom, and there was a great big wooden box at the foot of the bed.

One of the henchmen lifted the cover just a little bit, and out came the most dreadful series of squeaks and squeals you ever heard, so that they were forced to drop the cover and put their hands over their ears. Then they looked at one another very sadly and said, "The pig!"

Then one of the henchmen took a pair of handcuffs from his pocket, and going downstairs he put them on the shoemaker's wrists in spite of his protests.

"Don't you say anything to me. You come along and see the judge," he said severely. So the henchmen started off to the judge, leading the cobbler and carrying the box.

When he saw them coming the judge was much surprised.

"Why do you bring me the good cobbler?" said he.

"For stealing a pig," said they.

"I didn't steal a pig!" said the good cobbler.

"Just listen to this!" said the henchmen, and they opened the cover a crack. Then out there came the most dreadful series of squeaks and squeals you ever heard, so that they were forced to drop the cover and put their hands over their ears.

Then the judge looked sadly at the cobbler over the tops of his spectacles.

"And I thought you were such a good man!" he said reproachfully. "Now, I shall have to send you to prison for eighty-seven years and four months, with a month off for good conduct."

"But I didn't steal the pig!" protested the cobbler.

"Now, don't be obstinate," said the judge in a displeased tone of voice. "Henchmen, lead him away." And the henchmen were about to do his bidding when the Lord Mayor came panting into the courtroom.

"Found!" he gasped triumphantly.

"I'm sorry to say so," said the judge.

The Lord Mayor looked a trifle huffy.

"I don't know why you should be sorry, he said.

"I've been greatly disappointed in him," said the judge. "I didn't think he was that kind. I thought he was eminently respectable and worthy, and I'm ashamed of him."

The Lord Mayor looked still more huffy.

"That's no way to talk about my favorite pig," he said, "even if he did jump the pen and go rooting among your flower beds."

"What!" cried the judge. "Did that wretched animal spoil my flower beds before the cobbler stole him! Because if he did I'll have to sentence the cobbler for an extra ten years."

Then the Lord Mayor lost his temper entirely.

"I don't know what you're talking about with your cobbler and your ten years. All I know is that my favorite pig is safe home in his pen again."

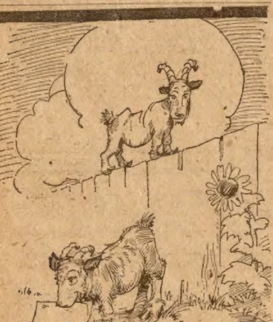
"Then, what," said the judge, turning severely to the prisoner, "have you got in that wooden box?"

"The squeaks that I took out of the shoes, please your honor," replied the prisoner meekly.

"Then why didn't you say so?" thundered the judge.

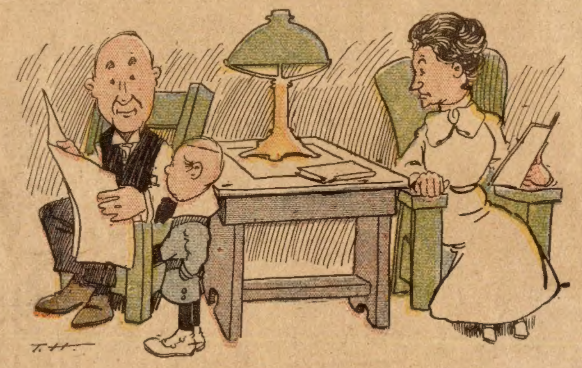
Then he looked at the henchmen very majestically.

"Take off his handcuffs," he said, "and let him go."



Ma Goat—Billy, how often have I told you not to eat those old magazines? You know they don't agree with you!

Bill Goat—Yes, ma, but these are health magazines.



"Papa, what is the initiative and referendum?"
"Your mother, my boy."

## In Cold Weather.

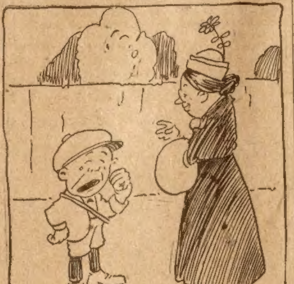
We think too little of the country when summer is gone. Only hot weather sends us seeking open spaces where the sun and the air may seem less warm because of green growing things. Yet the other seasons, even a blustering winter, offer pleasures of their own peculiar kind to any one that can enjoy them. The autumn will bring mornings when things will lose harsh outlines at only a little distance and the grass will be touched with a white dust turning into silver under the warmth of the sun. Such a morning, if school does not keep, the boy or girl with red cheeks may choose for a journey afield.

There is nothing like frost to put fire into the blood, and frost is at its best when it is melting under a high wind and a newly risen sun. As it dissolves into dewdrops the frost gives up the spirit of its cold crystals to the keeping of the wind, and the wind sweeps this mysterious quality over the fields and into the face of the youth that walks abroad where there are no streets. If you are this wind's play fellow you find your ears tingling, and little spots of cold come in your cheeks. Your blood leaps faster and you press forward against the odors of the prairie toward the rim of trees far away beyond the meadows. Anybody that you meet might tell you that your eyes are shining as if they had caught the light out of the frost.

## Their Whipping.

Perhaps you have never been whipped. If you have not, it is altogether probable that you ought to be. A boy or girl that has never deserved a whipping is not much of a boy or girl. But you probably have not deserved to be whipped with a two inch strap with the end cut into twelve strips. That sort of whip is what each of four boys felt in a New York Police Court in punishment for making a row on a subway train. None of them was more than 15 years old, either, but each one got twelve lashes of the strap. The judge had the mothers of the boys come to court, but he did not feel that the mothers were sufficiently severe with the youngsters. He sentenced the boys to be whipped, but he would not let the mothers perform the interesting operation. They would not make it sufficiently interesting, he thought. So he turned the prisoners over to the court interpreter and the court interpreter turned them over his knee and brought the split end of the strap down on each boy in the place where it would do the most good. He gave each of them twelve lashes and the boys ran home to find sofa pillows to put in their trousers.

* * *



Old Lady—Why are you crying my little man?

Willie—'Cos I don't want to go to school.

Old Lady—But why not?

Willie—'Cos sister jilted the schoolmaster last night.

* * *

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## In Blueberry Season.

(Continued from page nineteen.)

some markets before we left the city. We can have old Jack to carry them to the station."

"Blueberries!" gasped Richard, in astonishment.

"Blueberries," laughed Alice, "from daylight until dark. Why, man, it is the way I earned my education!"

"It has been a queer kind of honeymoon," observed Alice one evening as they sat on the worn doorstone on the hillside.

"But we have had the money, that's the main-thing, sweetheart."

"And the moon!" answered Alice flippantly to cover her satisfaction.

"What a view this is, Alice. I'd like to see that old office down me, now. All I'd need to do when I got tired is to close my eyes, draw a deep breath and see this wide old hillside."

"Always remember to draw two breaths now," suggested Alice meekly.

"Do you know," she asked presently, "that we have cleared $150? And that you are as fit as an athlete?" looking him over with extreme satisfaction. "We will come up here every vacation. It's awfully paying to take a vacation in blueberry time!"

"Dear child!" He drew her close, his cheek against her hair. "I am glad you proposed to me, Alice; it's the best thing that ever happened to me! Seriously, dear, a man doesn't know how lonely he is without a wife until he gets one. Are they all like you?"

"Very much the same, Dick. Don't you believe now that love can survive hardships?"

"But all girls are not like you," objected he, kissing her tenderly.

"No," Alice sighed contentedly, "they do not all—understand about the blueberry season, perhaps."

* * *

## The Galvanic Girl.

I do not mean to imply by "galvanic" that this type of girl is necessarily shocking, but I know of no other term that so adequately describes her peculiar characteristics, says a writer in the New Orleans Times-Democrat.

The particular galvanic girl whom for a brief—a very brief—while I honored with my acquaintance, was called Tottie, which was short for—for—. Upon my word, I have quite forgotten what it was short for. Anyhow, like Gertie, the giggling girl, she represented a type, rarer, today, perhaps, than in my youth, but still to be found in sufficiently large numbers.

The galvanic girl passes through life by means of a series of jerks. All her movements are convulsive. As she walks, her head wags up and down, as if it were attached to her neck by means of a swivel. Her hand-shake is a thing to be dreaded, because she accompanies it with bodily contortions which suggest that her whole anatomy is called upon to assist in the operation. When she sits, she sits suddenly; when she rises, her movements partake of the character of the fired rocket, except, alas! that it does not carry her so far.

Her conversation is spasmodic. For her, there are no conversational half-measures. Intervals of profound silence alternate with explosive bursts of speech. She knows not how to murmur a gentle accompaniment of "Yes? Really? Oh, I say!" to another's remarks. When it occurs to her to say something, she must say it all at once, in one breath. When she sings, she selects songs of the "Sing, Sweet Bird," variety, with plenty of bursts, trills and other vocal gymnastics.

In flirtation, too, she is galvanic. She is prone to fling herself suddenly into one's arms—sometimes, quite unexpectedly—and, the next moment, to stalk away with her nose in the air.

Indeed, it is next to impossible to avoid tickling her. If one accidentally nudges her elbow, a perceptible thrill runs through her. If one clasps her waist at a dance or at a rink, a convulsive shudder courses through her body. If one's hand touches hers when handling the cake or the cream or the sugar, she jumps.

So highly charged with electricity is the galvanic girl that it is advisable to get oneself insulated before coming in contact with her.

As a rule she is fond of children—spasmodically. In a sudden gust of maternal affection she will grab at a passing baby, squeeze it to her convulsively for an instant, to the imminent danger of its impressionable nose, and then either drop it or plank it down again in its pram with unintentional violence.

* * *

## Said No Prayers.

The most delightful children we remember to have met are the three daughters of William E. Kittredge of Columbus. They are triplets and they are 6 years old, individually, and collectively. When we interviewed them we asked the first if she said her prayers every night. She answered that she did. The second was equally sure that she never omitted her devotions. Then the third was questioned.

"Nope," she said, "I don't say 'em."

"But aren't you afraid?"

"Nope. I sleep in the middle!"

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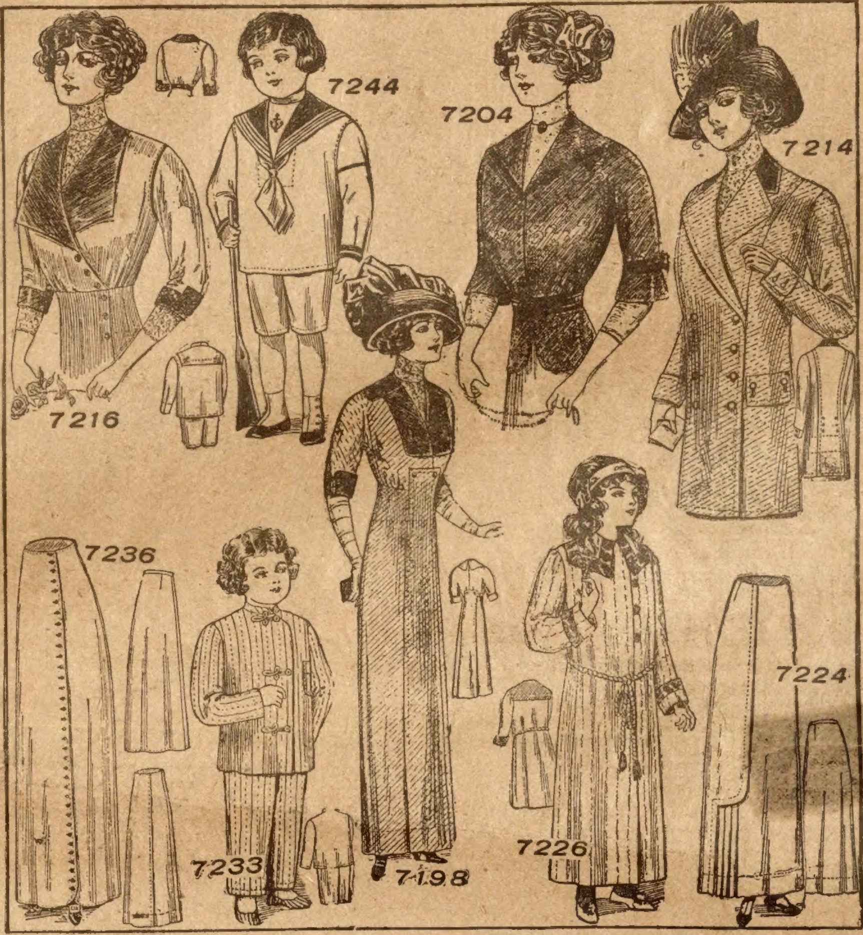

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**7233—Child's Pajamas, 2, 4 and 6 years.** For the 4-year size will be needed 3¼ yards of material 27, 2⅜ yards 36 or 2 yards 44 inches wide.

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**7226—Girl's Bath Robe, 8 to 12 years.** For the 10-year size will be required 4¼ yards of material 27, 3¾ yards 36, 2¼ yards 44 inches wide with ⅜ yard of silk for trimming.

**7224—Two-Piece Skirt for Misses and Small Women, 14, 16 and 18 years.** For the 16-year size will be required 4¼ yards of material 27, 2⅝ yards 44 or 2¼ yards 52 inches wide. The width at the lower edge is 2⅞ yards or 2¼ yards when the plaits are laid.

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Wife—I have them ready.

Husband—And tie your boa on closely. A little exposure often leads to sore throat, and sore throat leads to diphtheria, a most dangerous disease. Wear your thick rubbers, too, and good thick shoes, and warm gloves; and, my love, I think you'd better wear a warm veil.

One can't be too careful when one's life insurance is in arrears, and yours is.

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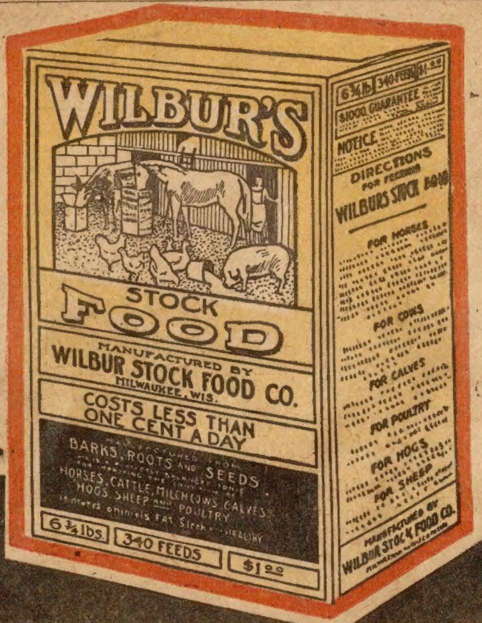
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